HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 117.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the number after next of this journal we shall commence

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

A perusal of Harper's Weekly will keep persons living in the country thoroughly posted on the news of the day.

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THE WRECK OF THE "ADONIS."

On 7th inst. the ship *Adonis* went ashore, shortly before midnight, at Long Branch. A correspondent of the Monmouth *Democrat* gives the following thrilling description of the manner in which the crew were saved:

"Mr. Green, the station-keeper, was on the spot the following morning with a crew of wreckers. They launched the surf-boat, boarded the ship, and brought the captain ashore. The captain insisted upon returning to the ship, but, the wind breezing up, it was found impossible to do so, as upon the second attempt the surf-boat was filled. All haste was then made to shoot a line over the vessel; the first attempt the line did not reach the ship; the second the line parted; and the third was successful. A larger line was then secured to the ship, and then a hawser, which was properly made fast to the mainmast head. The crew soon understood the working of the life-car upon the hawser, and five of them landed the first voyage to the shore. The life-car was again dispatched upon its errand of mercy; this time, better satisfied, six of them got into the car, but, when within about thirty yards of the shore, the line attached to the shore end of the car gave way. Then there was a universal shout of agony, the men on the beach running to and fro. There was quite a number of ladies present, who, as they looked upon the scene, turned from it with a shudder. Thus the car was at one moment upon the top of a large wave, and at another in the trough of the sea. The daring and impulsive boat's crew could not stand tamely by and see a car-load of human beings in this doubtful condition, but rushed in up to their armpits, seized the car, and brought it ashore. The name of Joseph West and his crew should be written in letters of gold upon the record of the Life-Saving Association. Upon examination it was found that the ring-bolt on the end of the life-car, to which the shore end of the line was attached, was imperfect, and thus the breakage was easily accounted for. The damage was repaired, and again the car was dispatched, and the remaining seven were soon upon the beach."

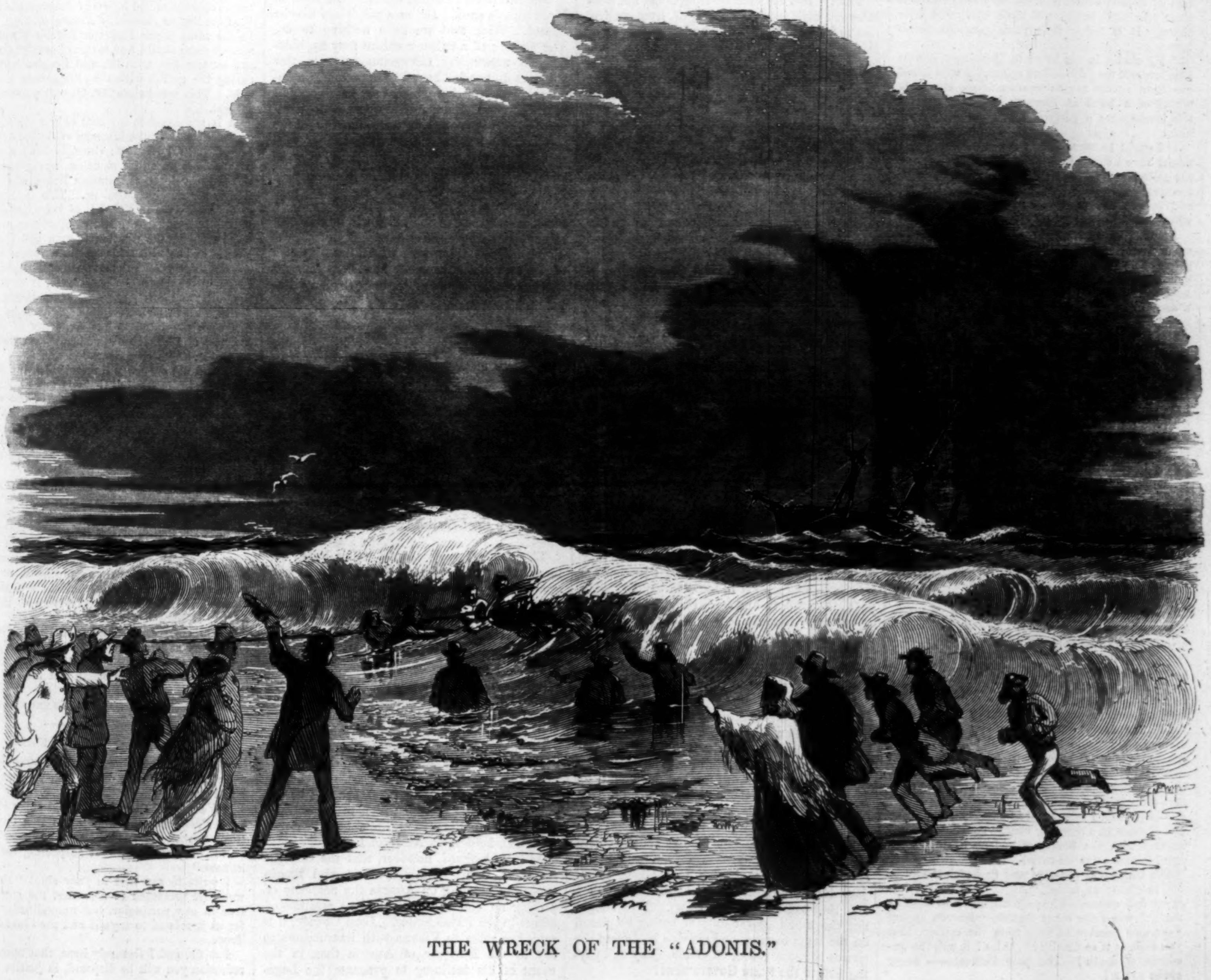
OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Why our Correspondent could not go to the Washington Ball—Terrible consequence of marrying a Britisher—Gayeties in Paris and New York—Acquisition of the Columbus for the Capital—American Patrons of Art—the Tourtales Gallery—Chairs at $50 apiece—A Marriage in Franco-American Life—Coming Balls—Sudden Death at Dinner, etc., etc.

Paris, *February* 24, 1859.

I am not able in any way to carry out my intentions in regard to my letter of this week, for I had purposed giving you a detailed account of the Washington Ball at the Hotel du Louvre, day before yesterday, with a catalogue *raisonnée* of the company, the beauties, and their dresses. Though suffering since Sunday from an attack of (shall I confess it?) terrible gout, I was still confident of being able to supply my own deficiencies by the aid of a kind friend and countrywoman, who is in the midst of all gay doings, and who has a quick imagination and holds a lively pen. Imagine my mortification and the fading away of my hopes under the perusal of the following letter, just received from her:

"Mon pauvre Goutteux,—I am sorry for you in all ways; but I can tell you nothing about this ball, for I was not invited to it. I hear it was an exclusive *America for the American* sort of an affair, and I suppose my right was barred by my being married to 'a bloody Britisher,' and that I had no chance of being there unless I had petitioned to be admitted as 'the Fair Penitent,' in my crinoline only, in order to avow my fault and express my contrition for this said marriage. But, you see, they are punished, for they have lost their chance of having their sayings and doings chronicled by you, through me, and I that of knowing myself in print, which I should have much enjoyed. I do pity you, poor caged 'weekly correspondent,' obliged to make bricks without straw, and perishing in the midst of plenty; for never, I think, was Paris in a state of more determined gayety. The feverish political condition seems to stimulate social desires. The Faubourg St. Germain for long years have not danced as this winter, and the functionaries of Government and the haute finance seem disposed to imitate them in this respect, while their dinners are, in truth, never-ending. But you need have no regrets at not being able to make the New Yorkers jealous by a description of the carnival pleasures here; for, from what I hear, they are indulging in plenty of their own. For, not being able to find more than six nights in the week in which to dance, they have taken to morning *thés dansants*, and those who a year ago were in the lowest depths of moneyed depression are now vying with



THE WRECK OF THE "ADONIS."

each other as to who shall spend most on their varied entertainments."

Here ends my fair correspondent's assistance, which I am bound to reward by giving her the pleasure she wished of seeing herself in print.

I see in the newspapers, in a correspondence which seems to be creditable to all the parties concerned, that Mr. Mason has accepted for the Capitol the model of the fine statue which the Marquis de Brignolles has erected to the memory of "the great Genoese." It seems difficult to account for the seeming neglect of all America for that grand old genius, Columbus, unless it is explained by the mass taking the same view of his services as was done by an American lady, whom I once heard laughingly exclaim, when something of this kind was said in her presence—"After all, I do not know *why* we are bound to be so *very grateful* to Christopher Columbus; for, if it had not been for him, we might all have lived and died in Paris!"

Apropos of works of art, I have been pleased, lately, to hear Americans spoken of as among the most liberal and enlightened patrons of high art in the present day; and I believe that the inheritors of the "Galerie Pourtales" in this city, which, by the testamentary dispositions of its founder, will be disposed of in another seven years, will look to Americans as likely to acquire some of its principal treasures, both in ancient and modern painting.

I went there lately to accompany my friend Frank, as I wish him to form his taste a little, and acquire some familiarity with the manner of the various masters, as a preparation for his projected tour in Italy next month. I had not been there for several years before, and had forgotten how rich is this Gallery in beautiful things; and it is remarkable, as showing what taste and industry may effect, even without any very enormous expenditure.

Among the older pictures there are two very fine large Murillos, and some smaller ones. There is a beautiful Madonna of Leonardo di Vinci; some Carlo Dolces; and one of the loveliest heads of Greuze, which has been engraved under the name of "L'Innocence." Then there are several of the productions of the modern French artists, which were painted for Count de Pourtales, and with which the print shops in New York have probably made you familiar, as he allowed them to be engraved. There are Delaroche's celebrated pictures of "Richelieu conveying Cinque Mars to Prison," and its "pendant" of "Mazarin's Dying Hours;" also his "St. Cecilia," and Horace Vernet's "Thomas." Besides the pictures there is a valuable collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, etc., and a quantity of superb ivory carvings of the sixteenth century. Thus, you see, there will be here in a few years capital pickings for your millionaires; and I should be glad to think they would be inclined to make the acquisition of objects which will not only tend to refine their own taste but that of those who come after them. It is better than mere gorgeous furniture.

"My chairs, in *my* house in Broadway, one in another, cost me fifty dollars apiece," I once heard one New Yorker say to another across the table d'hôte of a hotel at Florence, astonishing with this intelligence a party of English who sat near him.

I thought to myself then, "For that sum you might have a copy of some of the master-pieces of the galleries you daily visit here, and, at the same time, cause the poor artist's heart to sing for joy, and carry away with you something to look at when seated in your gilded chairs."

Frank, who came to see me just now, has told me of a marriage to be—*versus* a flirtation that is going on in the Parisian-American society. The young man, good-looking and pleasing, and the only son of a rich mother, and the young lady a distinguished beauty, who has been immensely admired, the last year or two, in the aristocratic circles of London and Paris. Miss P——l is certainly very lovely, with wide, Oriental-looking eyes, an exquisite skin, and a graceful, well-turned figure. There was for a time a Spanish Duke among her admirers, whose success would have pleased ambitious grandmamma, and he seemed quite inthralled; but as he has paid the same court to all the young beauties of the day for the last twenty years, one felt tolerably certain that this one had not more real chance than others of becoming Duchess d'O——a. Then the young lady is supposed to be very decided in her preference for her American suitor; and, judging from externals, they seem really well-paired and well-matched.

If the tyrant gout allows, I shall have half a score of astonishing fêtes to relate to you next week. Among these will be a ball at Madame Duchatels, which is certain to be as perfect as a fine hotel, a company the most chosen, good taste, and great wealth can make it; and there will be a *bal costumé* at Madame Walewski's, which are always what are best of their kind, and where one often has the superior pleasure of being elbowed by imperial personages, who, secure in the domino's disguise, amuse themselves enough in one evening to make amends for the many dull Court balls they are compelled to endure. Many a strange story could be told of the freaks of our great people under the mask.

Speaking of dominoes reminds me of a very sad event, which has thrown a gloom over Paris society—that is, the sudden death of the Prince St. G——o, whom I mentioned in one of my letters as one of those, in a morning visit, who seemed so impressed with the horror of sudden death. Poor man, it soon came his turn! He died at his club, "The Union," at dessert; and he had just said to his neighbor at table, "As there are to be so many *bals costumés*, I have just had a new domino made;" when the other replied, "Do you expect your new domino to drop from the ceiling, that you look at it so fixedly?" Alas! it was the fixedness of death! The poor Prince —— never spoke again!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

THE REMEDY FOR OUR POLITICAL TROUBLES.

EVERY body appears to admit that our political institutions are not working satisfactorily. Some papers hold that the misfortune arises from the viciousness of the party which is in power, and that if the opposite party, of which they are organs, were intrusted with the governance of the country, all would be well with us. A careful study of passing events does not bear out this view. The United States, which are ruled by the Democracy, and the State of New York, in which the Republicans are in power, appear, so far as the records show, to be equally plagued by incompetent and corrupt administrators. The necessary inference, from a careful and unprejudiced survey of the times, is, that there is nothing to choose between the two political parties; that both are equally corrupt and unsafe.

Ignorant persons are led by a study of this fact to rail against party government altogether. Let us have, they say, a no-party government, and all will be well. This is the view of persons who are uneducated in political science.

There can be no free government but a government of party. Destroy parties and you destroy freedom, and inaugurate despotism and corruption. Party alone secures a check upon the tendency of all governments to overstep the law for the purpose of trampling their opponents, or gaining improper advantages for their own members and friends. Party stands in the way of illegal tyranny; party keeps watch for corrupt schemes; party compels each government at least to desire to appear to be doing its best for the country, lest its obvious shortcomings should open a way for rivals. In every free country—as, for instance, in the United States and in Great Britain—there are powerful, well-organized, permanent, political parties. Under despotisms, as in Russia and France, there are no political parties deserving the name; politicians in such countries are either slaves or conspirators.

But, say the honest critics of our political shortcomings, see how badly this country is served by party! See how shamefully inefficient all our public administration proves!

True. But the inefficiency springs not from inherent evils in the system, or from radical vice in this or that party which happens to be in power, but because the party system is not fairly carried out. The theory of Democracy presumes that every citizen will put his shoulder to the wheel, and help to govern the country; if this theory be not carried out, there can be no democratic government. The practice of democracy in the United States is that the bulk of the citizens—including nearly all who are eminent for understanding, or learning, or virtue, or wealth—stand aloof from public duty altogether, and leave the government of the country to citizens many of whom have neither understanding nor virtue, nor means to recommend them. Some excuse their neglect by saying that they do not care to fight their way to the polls. Others laughingly say that they do not care to balance their vote against that of their coachman or butler. Many declare themselves disgusted with politics, and positively boast of never voting.

Herein clearly lies the secret of the failure of our institutions. As a democracy presumes the political service of all citizens, if the wisest, best, and wealthiest citizens refuse that service, the duty naturally devolves on the least wise, the worst, and the poorest, and it is unreasonable to expect that they will discharge it satisfactorily.

Appeals are constantly made to the public to come forward and vote. They are always fruitless. Smith the importer, Jones the banker, Robinson the clergyman, Brown the lawyer, Thomson the doctor, will not vote, because they dislike political contests, and see that there is no glory to be gained in hand-to-hand struggle with Bowery boys and Irish shoulder-hitters.

Yet until they do vote the Bowery boy and the shoulder-hitter will evidently remain masters of the situation, and political dictators—misgoverning and disordering the whole sphere committed to their control.

It seems likely that this misgovernment and disorder will continue until some sensible Legislature takes a hint from ancient Athens, and renders it incumbent on every citizen to fulfill his political duties by voting at elections. In Athens every citizen was obliged to vote; if he declined, he was liable to be arrested, dragged by force to the poll, and confined there till he voted. That law was eminently Democratic and worthy of imitation. To establish it here would involve no departure from established custom. As it is, citizens are obliged to do jury duty and to serve in the militia. If they fail, they must pay a heavy fine. Why should not the much graver duty of voting be placed on the same footing, and citizens be offered the choice between voting on election day and paying $25 to the State Government?

A registry law, with a law imposing a penalty of $25 on every citizen who failed to vote at elections, would have the effect of taking the political supremacy out of the hands of the rowdies, and placing it in the hands of the majority of the people, who are in all communities friends of law and order. It will probably come to this at last.

THE SICKLES CASE.

BY the time this paper is laid before the public, Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from New York, will probably be on his trial for the murder of P. Barton Key, late District Attorney of the District of Columbia. There appears to be no doubt as to the result of the trial. If the guilty connection of Mr. Key with Mrs. Sickles be proved, it is difficult to expect that any jury will find Mr. Sickles guilty.

His offense may not be justifiable in the eye of austere moralists. The shedding of human blood, even in obedience to legal sentence, is by many deemed inexcusable; the canon to which these persons owe exclusive allegiance rises so far above common rules of human law and practice that mere vulgar humanity may bow reverently before, but can not undertake to explain it. Practice, however, has established, not only in this country, but in France and England likewise, that the adulterer and the seducer may be slain with impunity by the best friend of the woman they have misled. Not that the slayer is to be admired or applauded, but that the original evil-doer is rightly punished. Nobody wants to shake hands with Jack Ketch; yet hanging is wholesome as a preventive of crime.

The brilliant and graphic correspondent of the New York *Times*, who is understood to be none other than the clever Irish exile, Mr. O'Fl. Stuart, takes pains to enumerate various cases in which adulterers have been killed with impunity by outraged husbands. Had this admirable writer been a resident in this country for a longer period of time, he would not have needed to go abroad for precedents for acquitting a husband who killed his wife's seducer. The counsel for Mr. Sickles will, without any extraordinary labor, be enabled to lay before Judge Crawford a score of cases in various States of the Union from Maine to Louisiana, in which juries have refused to render verdicts against husbands who have vindicated their honor by slaying the seducers of their wives.

Nor can there be much doubt of the issue in Mr. Sickles's case. He, as a politician, may be ruined. With that we have nothing to do. The slaying of a fellow-creature may be indefensible under any circumstances. On this point we do not feel bound to express any opinion; it is a question which may be safely left to the religious and moral teachers of the community. It is enough for us that we record the fact that the legal practice in this country will secure impunity to any husband who, on conclusive evidence, takes the life of the destroyer of his domestic peace.

Those who desire to read the arguments in favor of hanging Mr. Sickles will find them, rather bitterly put, in that excellent journal, the *Evening Post;* those who wish to see his side of the case will discover it in various journals throughout the country. To state the facts simply is enough for us.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

THE Pope has notified the Emperors of France and Austria that he is eminently grateful for the service they have rendered him in garrisoning his territory for the last six or eight years, but that now he feels competent to undertake the police of his own dominions. On this the French Emperor testifies his willingness to withdraw from Rome so soon as the Austrians retire from the Legations. The Austrians hesitate.

The reason is very simple. The Papal dominions are filled with ardent republicans who are only withheld from rebellion by military control. So soon as the French and Austrians depart it is quite possible that these revolutionaries may break out, and take the field, not only against the Pope, but against despotisms of all kinds and dynasties of every hue. With an active revolutionary movement in the Legations, it would clearly be impossible to keep down the inflammable population of the Milanese. No man with a barn full of hay can afford to see his neighbor light a bonfire close to that barn. Just so the Austrians, knowing the slender tenure of their hold on the Milanese, and the eagerness of the people to rebel, can not be expected to take any step which may naturally lead to a revolutionary movement in the country which borders on Austrian Italy.

It is understood, however, that the Governments of Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia concur in pressing on Austria the necessity of putting an end to the anomalous position of affairs in the Papal States. Lord Cowley, it is said, has gone to Vienna with instructions to say to the Emperor of Austria that, in the event of his declining to evacuate the Legations, France will have the moral, if not the active, support of all the other great nations in operating against Austrian dominion in Italy. If this be so, there can be no doubt of the result. Austria must yield. The risk of an outbreak in Lombardo Venetia may be imminent, but no single power can afford to cope single-handed with all the rest of Europe. If, therefore, Lord Cowley's mission is correctly represented by the European journals, we may shortly expect to hear of the evacuation of the Papal dominions by the foreign troops who now occupy Rome and the Legations, and the peace of the world will thenceforth depend upon the temper of the Roman people. A slender dependence at best!

COTTON KING INDEED.

THE cotton crop of the United States this year will probably exceed 3,800,000 bales. This crop will average to the planter a shilling of York money a pound. The better qualities are at this moment in demand in New Orleans at 18 and 19 cents. Since this country first grew cotton there never was a year when the yield was so large or the profit so enormous. When it is borne in mind that, on the average, $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents a pound will remunerate the planter for cotton laid down at the nearest sea-port, some idea may be formed of the wealth which the South will acquire this year.

It will be safe to expect an astounding development of industry and agriculture throughout the South. What the enormous crops of 1855 and 1856 did for the West the cotton crops of 1857 and 1858 will do for the South. Southern railroads and steamboats will soon begin to take place of Western schemes of a similar nature in our markets. Whatever is Southern will be in favor. The effect of the great increase of Southern wealth on the slavery controversy will be worth watching.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GORILLA QUESTION.

BOSTON, *March* 7, 1859.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

THE article in your last issue, though interesting and timely, does not do justice to American authors and specimens.

The gorilla was first introduced to the scientific world in August, 1847, by Dr. Savage, an American resident in Africa; and he described the external characters and habits of the creature in Vol. V. of the Boston *Journal of Natural History*, p. 417. In the same paper Professor Jeffries Wyman described some skulls, and several bones of the spine and extremities, with life-size illustrations, comparing the gorilla with the chimpanzee and with man. This was before Mr. Owen's papers on the subject.

It is not exact to say that only a skull of this creature exists in the Museum of the Boston Society of Natural History; since, in 1852, a second, with almost an entire skeleton, was presented to this Society by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This skeleton was described by me in Vol. VI. of the same *Journal*, p. 336, in April, 1852; and comparisons are instituted showing its relation to man and the chimpanzee, and also that this specimen was as large as any since described; the severity of the fight, which ended in the death of the creature, is attested by the bullet and hatchet wounds of the bones.

Since that time a complete specimen in alcohol has been presented to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and has been partly described in its "Proceedings."

So that not only was the first scientific description made in Boston, but that city and Philadelphia have full materials for the study of the animal, whose habits and anatomy were understood by the zoologists of America nearly twelve years ago. The "most learned professors of Great Britain" will not do much, if any, more than was done in 1847 in this country.

I am led to make this communication to show that America has been active in matters of science as well as in politics and money-making. Now that we have the first of living zoologists among us, it is to be hoped that the eyes of the people will be turned toward our native naturalists and their achievements, hitherto unappreciated at home, stolen abroad, and pursued amidst the neglect and almost the scorn of the worshipers of the "Almighty Dollar."

The proposed establishment of the great Museum of Zoology at Cambridge will, it is hoped, arouse the people to the value and necessity of those studies connected with the origin and laws of animal life. Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL KNEELAND, JUN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

TROY, NEW YORK, *February* 25, 1859.

IN *Harper's Weekly* of the 26th February, 1859, I find the following:

"We all read the other day the story of a Troy bank President who brought to this city in his trunk twenty thousand dollars of counterfeit bills on his own bank, without suspecting their genuineness."

I write to say that in your sheet "the story" was first presented to me; that the story is not true in any particular, but unqualifiedly false so far as it relates to myself and the State Bank of Troy.

I think, and I sincerely hope, that upon mature reflection you will be disposed, in justice to us, to

contradict the story as broadly as you have given it circulation. Respectfully yours,

ALFRED WOTKYNS, *President.*

☞ WE are inclined to think that, "upon mature reflection," Mr. Wotkyns will conclude that he has allowed his fire to be drawn rather precipitately. His bank has never been mentioned in the *Weekly*. Will it not be time enough for him to vindicate himself when he is assailed?—*Ed. H. W.*

WHO INVENTED THE STARS AND STRIPES?

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

QUEBEC, *February*, 1859.

I TAKE this occasion to send you the following extract from Thoresby's "History of Leeds," 1715 (in my possession), of the pedigree of a branch of the family of Washington. There is a singular coincidence between the arms and the national flag of the United States—singular, because I have never yet, in the various printed notices on the subject, seen one that alluded to this as the origin, if it really was so, of the stars and stripes:

"Mr. *Robert Washington*, an eminent merchant, lived and died at Anstrope Hall, near Leeds, though buried in a distant parish; his son, *Joseph Washington*, of Gray's Inn, Esq., is to be remembered among the authors. He was descended from those of his name at *Adwick*, on the *Street*, near Doncaster, where the family yet remains. Their arms were—'*Argent*, two bars and three mullets, in chief *Gules*.'"*

ARMS.

WASHINGTON.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. G. CLAPHAM.

A GROAN FROM A SUFFERING SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

* * * Mamma and I both write to remonstrate with you on the engravings which you are publishing. We don't want you to give any more pictures of murders or mad-houses. Baby burst into tears at the sight of the maniacs, and I have dreamed three times that those terrible Mormons were cutting my throat.

Can't you print lovely pictures of lambs and shepherdesses with crooks, and sweet autumn scenes with lovers sitting on hay-cocks, and little twittering birds, and graceful giraffes, and things of that kind? I mean pleasant pictures that Baby could look at without winking, and which would give me and mamma something delightful to dream about? Mamma says that when she was a girl her papa used to subscribe to a paper which was called, she thinks, *The Lady's Own Anodyne*—in which she says she never saw any thing that worried her in the least, and over which she enjoyed the sweetest sleep. Pray, dear Mr. Editor, get this old paper, and try to copy it.

Papa has been for years a subscriber to the *Weekly Tribune*, which puts him to sleep very nicely; but when we get your *Weekly*, he remains awake till midnight, which, you will admit, is very annoying. Even poor dear mamma sometimes sits up in her night-cap to read your stories.

Why can't you follow the example of Mr. Greeley—the dear old creature—and give us long prosy articles to set us asleep? I have read what you say about being obliged to give the news, and think it all nonsense. Mr. Greeley doesn't worry us by giving us news. He tries to put us to sleep, and he does it very well; and the sooner you follow his example the better you will please your devoted

ANNA MARIA.

THE LOUNGER.

DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES.

A SPECIAL contributor to a journal—like the Lounger, for instance—has certain great advantages. The chief one is, perhaps, that he can express his own opinion without affecting the proper position of the paper, and so escapes responsibility. Of course nobody knows that fifty different people prepare a newspaper. Nobody knows that the man who writes the money article, and the musical and theatrical articles, and the agricultural and literary articles, and the political leaders, and the letters from all parts of the world, is not the same individual. Every body, on the contrary, is perfectly aware that Mr. Greeley or Mr. Raymond, who lectured in Iowa last evening, also wrote the leader in this morning's *Times* or *Tribune*. Is not the *Times* Raymond's paper? and the *Tribune* Greeley's paper?

Now the special contributor is the lucky person who speaks solely for himself. His views are not those of "the paper." You may agree or disagree with him as much as you please. He is isolated in his individuality, and shivers in his solitude. His "we" carries no magisterial weight. The merest tyro in newspaper reading is not taken in by it. The intelligent reader does not look grave when he reads, in the special department, "We think that a European war is at hand!" "We, indeed!" sneers the intelligent reader; "why, it's only Snodders!"

Yet every special contributor enjoys that very solitude in which he shivers. He is a man sitting at his own window and making his own comments upon the world. If James Buchanan, President of the United States, living officially in the White House, say, "I think I must have Cuba!" Wall Street stops shinning a moment, and falls to thinking. But if James Buchanan, a farmer of Pennsylvania, living quietly at Wheatlands, says "I think I must have Cuba," Wall Street doesn't even hear him. And yet it is the same James Buchanan.

So with the special contributor. When you, most kind and courteous reader, deign to unbend your mind by glancing at this particular page, you know that you are reading the opinions of Chaff—a thirty-millionth part of the inhabitants of the Free and Happy! But when you turn your eyes upon the other page at the left, then you know that you are not at Wheatlands but at Washington—that you are perusing not an individual but an official opinion.

The Lounger gossips on this page; *Harper's Weekly* speaks on that.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

IF the honorable United States Attorney for this or any other district in the country should be shot by a cashier as he was making off with the proceeds of a check which he had forged—or by a householder who found him working at his silver-safe by the light of a dark-lantern—or by a farmer whose barn he had just succeeded in kindling into a light blaze—and the honorable District Attorney thus stood before the world as a forger, a burglar, or an incendiary, would his successor probably feel that the dignity of the law was increased, or common morality and decency benefited by his saying to the bar in open court, "By most of us he was known and cherished as a companion and friend, and to the just keeping of such he has left the most sacred of all bequests—his memory and his name. . . . . . Of his faults let us not, at least now, speak. Who has them not? Now that his sun has gone down, let us look rather at the splendor of its disk than at the shadows which dimmed its glory. . . . I move that in memory of the deceased this court do now adjourn."

Would the presiding judge then probably reply in sympathetic terms, and adjourn the court?

But if a decent public sentiment would feel itself outraged by such official homage to the memory of a burglar, a forger, or an incendiary, suddenly cut off in his career, what would probably be its emotion upon learning that the same honors had been paid to the memory of a man whom that same public sentiment believed to have been properly destroyed for a greater crime than arson or forgery?

And echo answers—What?

A LITTLE BILL.

EVERY body who writes in a journal must take some interest in Mr. Senator Ely's bill introduced in the Legislature, which proposes to allow editors and office-holders to settle their little differences through the friendly means of chairs, canes, clubs, boots, books, or whatever other convenient missiles may be at hand.

Mr. Senator Ely represents, in part, the city of New York, at Albany. He is what is termed in rather lordly, and consequently loose, language, "a law-giver," or a "law-maker." But apparently wearied of his function—and who can be surprised?—the worthy legislator now proposes a bill for the abolition of law.

It is unquestionably the easiest way. It makes short work of human society, which Mr. Senator Ely evidently considers a failure, instead of the long work which law makes of it. Editors and office-holders being scoundrels, rascals, and pests to society—reasons Mr. Senator Ely—being, in fact, the boa-constrictors, the anacondas, the cobra di capellos, the lions, unicorns, and Kilkenny cats of the body politic, let us leave them to fight it out together and, under Divine favor, to exterminate each other.

To be sure Mr. Senator Ely does not make his little bill quite fair. He allows the office-holders to attack the editors summarily if the worshipful officers think they have been libeled, but he does not allow the editors the same privilege. If Mr. Bennett, for instance, declare his conviction that Mr. Wood was an able and incorruptible magistrate, Mr. Wood may, according to Mr. Senator Ely, pommel Mr. Bennett to his heart's content, provided he breaks no bones. But if Mr. Wood should assert in private circles, or cause to be placarded upon public walls, his opinion that Mr. Bennett is a poet, the latter gentleman has no remedy, according to Mr. Senator Ely, except the old and tedious process of a suit for libel.

But any slight partiality should be gladly pardoned to a bill whose operation would necessarily fill all public offices with bullies and blackguards, and also silence the Press. The great practical difficulty in our municipal affairs at present is the want of a little more corruption. Public virtue is all very well, but why should public officers be so very much more honest than the mass of the people? In this world we must be practical. Let us have fewer saints and less purity in our city affairs. Why not take men as they come, and put them into office, even if they do smoke one cigar a week? Why insist, as we prudishly continue to do, upon having men to administer our affairs who will not be bribed, and who will always promptly attend to the smallest detail of their duty without a fee of a hundred dollars? Sugar is good, but it is too concentrated. You must combine it with fibre. In like manner we must insist upon diluting the intensity of the public virtue.

Mr. Senator Ely, friend of man, proposes to follow the dictates of common sense in this matter, by making it easier for blackguards to bruise their way into office, and to break the heads of all editors who call public attention to the fact.

A VALEDICTION.

A WEEK or two since the Rev. Dr. Gannett preached the last sermon in the old Federal Street Meeting-house in Boston, previous to the destruction of the building and the removal of the society to another part of the city.

This old, dingy brick church, with its feeble spire, had a peculiar, an unequaled historic interest as the scene of the preaching of the celebrated William Ellery Channing. Dr. Channing died seventeen years ago; but his influence will never die out of American moral and intellectual development.

He was in point of time the father of that liberal intellectual movement in this country which is the direct result of the Protestant Reformation, and is peculiarly sympathetic with the American character and civilization. That "Peace on earth, good will to man," which is the substantial aim of the American or democratic movement in all its forms, was the soul of his preaching as it was the rule of his life. The contemporary leaders of American thought, whatever creed they may profess, or to whatever party they belong, are really his disciples. And the tendency of our civilization, in its broad and benignant humanity, is the natural development of the great principles with which his name will be always associated.

A shy valetudinarian—a man of delicate perceptions, of exquisite and almost dainty tastes, and of a lofty and invincible moral heroism—a retiring scholar, a faithful friend, living at ease and in congenial society, nothing was so dear to him as his own profound conviction of truth, and he uttered it with a simple, glowing eloquence which captivated even those whom it did not convince, while the statement itself often startled his friends by the audacity of its grasp upon the most hoary traditions.

As time passes and the earlier part of this century becomes more illustrious while it recedes, as Mont Blanc seems more imposing when you travel away from it, the influence of Dr. Channing upon the moral life of America will be more plainly discerned. Many a thought which stands symmetrical in the lyrical line of our wisest thinker, like a perfect rose in a garden, was a germ dropped upon that rich soil by Dr. Channing. Many a humane impulse which, with the electric eloquence of its utterance by our most popular orator, shakes the hearts of thousands of men and women, sprang, humanly speaking, from the heart of Dr. Channing. How many a man hereafter will seek in vain, and grieve that he can not see, the building consecrated in our history by the presence and voice of such a teacher!

It is a remarkable coincidence, which history will not forget, that on the other side of the street on which the church of Dr. Channing stood is the palace of the Bishop of the Roman Catholics of Boston. The old and the new principles, the past and the future, touched so nearly upon Puritan soil! And that same history will not forget the moral taught by the fact that the leaders of the old and the new were both full of the love which is the fulfilling of the law, and superior to it.

The good Cardinal Cheverus was for a long time Catholic Bishop of Boston while Dr. Channing was actively engaged in his ministry. When the Bishop was summoned home to France and a cloud of ecclesiastical dignities, he preferred to leave Boston with only the trunk which twenty-seven years before he had brought to America. His house, the church, and the Ursuline convent, he gave to the diocese, and his library to his episcopal successors. When he went, it was Dr. Channing who asked, "Has not the metropolis of New England witnessed a sublime example of Christian virtue in a Catholic bishop? Who among our religious teachers would solicit a comparison between himself and the devoted Cheverus?"

Who can help regretting that the necessities of our expanding cities gradually obliterate the places hallowed by such lives?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—L. M. M., Austinburg, Ohio, who wishes to know where and when Longfellow and Poe were born, and when Mrs. Hemans was married, will find the information in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature and Chambers's English Literature.

—W. W. M. M., Salem, Indiana, who wishes "the Harpers to put some cuts of their establishment in the *Weekly*," will find a charming little account, profusely illustrated, in one of Abbott's Story Books.

—A WELL WISHER, New York, should have signed his name to his note, or should at least have taken care to erase his initials stamped upon the corner of his paper! If he writes a book which any publishing house in the country thinks "good" in a business point of view, he will have no difficulty in making a bargain upon the terms he proposes. It is no matter what kind of book it is, so it be morally correct. The Harpers have published some one hundred and fifty novels in the form he describes, the price varying from two to eight shillings. It is not possible to say how much manuscript will make a printed page without knowing the size of the manuscript and of the page.

—Common humanity insists upon the concealment of the name and residence of the writer of the following letter:

"MR. LOUNGER.—Please, Sir, tell me the feminine termination of Judas (Iscariot), for I have found many to whom the name would be very applicable. Even with its present termination it has been applied, in some instances (*ad feminam*), I think, very significantly.

"OLD BACHELOR."

—W. V. A., Detroit, Michigan, wishes to know if the Lounger were correct in calling Guy, Earl of Warwick, "the King-Maker." Certainly not; it was a slip. The nursery hero, and slayer of the dun cow took the *pas* of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and King-Maker.

—RUTH RAVEN, Ravenscroft, Georgia. No, madam, the Lounger never saw the verses before, nor does he think them very fine. Bonpland *is*, undoubtedly, dead.

* Mr. Hopkinson's "Pedigree of the West Riding." The Washington Arms (as impaled in the "Pedigree" of Wombwell) is *Gules*, a Lion rampant, *Argent*, debruised with a bend of eleven pieces *Argent* and *Azure*.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, March* 19, 1859.

THE week has been less active than usual in business and monetary circles. The import of Dry Goods is scarcely larger than that of the corresponding week of 1858. Merchandize generally is quiet.

There is increased ease in the money market. Call loans are offered to the brokers at 4 per cent., and first-class short acceptances are done at 5; 4 and 6 months good paper at 6 @ 7. Exchange on Europe continues firm, at rates which allow the shipment of specie.

Stocks are lower. There is no outside speculation, and the bears constitute a majority of the board.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 19, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been rather quiet for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs during the week. The partial resumption of navigation has tended to lessen the demand. Prices have not varied remarkably....Cotton has been less sought after, yet prices have been very well sustained....Provisions have been in fair request, at, however, irregular rates....Groceries, Naval Stores, Linseed Oil, Dry Codfish, Hay, Tobacco, and Wool have been pretty freely dealt in at our revised quotations....Hides have declined about ½ c. per pound, with more offering, while Sole Leather has been in demand at uniform prices....Desirable styles of Dry Goods have been offered rather sparingly at very full rates. The demand, however, has not been brisk. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $725,796 against $642,412 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $27,530,279 aginst $11,347,205 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes. ....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$5 20
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 45	@	6 75
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 55	@	6 10
Extra Western, per barrel	6 50	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 80	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 50	@	7 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 25	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 70	@	4 60
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 75	@	4 35
White Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@	1 80
Red Wheat, per bushel	95	@	1 55
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	88	@	90
New Corn, per bushed	87	@	90
Rye, per bushel	88	@	95
Barley, per bushel	65	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel	60	@	63
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	58
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	51	@	55
Southern Oats, per bushel	48	@	54
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 87½	@	18 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 20	@	13 30
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 50	@	9 75
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	12
State Butter, per pound	15	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	17
Cheese, per pound	8	@	11
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 50
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¾	@	7¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	28½	@	29
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2½	@	6
Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@	80
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 87½	@	3 93¾
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	52	@	53
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 69	@	1 72½
Linseed Oil, per gallon	66	@	68
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5¾	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	42½	@	65
" Pulled Wool	34	@	55
Am. Yellow Beeswax, per pound	39	@	40
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	23¾	@	24
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	43	@	51
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 62½	@	4 37½
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	16 00	@	16 25
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 00	@	4 25
Smoked Herring, per box	18	@	30
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	150 00	@	162 50
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	195 00	@	225 00
Clover Seed, per pound	10	@	11
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 00	@	2 75

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were somewhat brisker and firmer for Beeves....Milch Cows were in limited demand, and were heavy....Veal Calves were in fair request at uniform prices....Sheep and Lambs were in very moderate supply and good demand at steady rates....Swine were depressed, and prices favored buyers....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending *March* 9.	Week ending *March* 16.
Beeves	3,453	3,224
Milch Cows	233	203
Veal Calves	404	359
Sheep and Lambs	4,418	3,306
Swine	8,499	5,797

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 8	@	$ 12½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 75	@	8 50
" " per pound	6	@	9
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	6½
Dressed " "	6¾	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been somewhat brisker. Supplies, however, have been generally ample. Prices exhibit no very important changes. Some New Vegetables, in small lots, are arriving by the Southern steamers.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 00
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9½
Dried Peaches, peeled, per pound	13	@	17
Dried Plums, per pound	22	@	25
Potatoes, per barrel	87	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00	@	4 25
Onions, per barrel	3 75	@	5 00
Turnips, per barrel	62½	@	75
Beets, per barrel	75	@	87½
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	87½
Cabbage, per 100	2 25	@	5 50
Cranberries, per barrel	5 00	@	17 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 75
Green Peas, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17½	@	19
Chickens, per pound	10	@	12
Fowls, per pound	9	@	12
Fowls, per pair	62½	@	1 00
Geese, per pound	6	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	15
Ducks, per pound	15	@	18
" black, per pair	62½	@	75
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	75
" canvas back, per pair	1 25	@	2 00
" gray, per pair	50	@	62½
" redheads, per pair	75	@	87
Pigeons, per dozen	2 25	@	2 75
Partridge, per pair	62½	@	75
Hares, per pair	37	@	50

THE TERRIBLE HOMICIDE AT HAWESVILLE, KENTUCKY.

We are requested to give place to the following illustrated account of one of the most shocking scenes that ever took place in this country—being the homicide of Mr. Lowe, of Hawesville, Kentucky—in the hope that the horror of the scene may, in the language of the Grand Jury of Hancock County, "have a salutary effect upon the community, and may inculcate a desire to have the laws hereafter promptly administered."

We may premise by saying that Mr. Lowe was a retired merchant of Hawesville, and Mr. Maxwell a prominent lawyer of the place. They had quarreled some time previously. The Louisville *Journal* of 5th thus describes the subsequent events:

"On Tuesday last Lowe sent word to Maxwell that he wished him to remain a part of the day in his room. Maxwell accordingly staid in his room, having employed Judge Yeaman to attend to his duties as prosecuting attorney. Lowe sent him a letter by a friend, inquiring whether he would accept a challenge from him. Maxwell refused to communicate with Lowe by note. Lowe's friend then asked Maxwell whether he would appear upon the street with long or short arms. Maxwell declined to give an explanation of his intentions, simply saying that he should go upon the street when he pleased and as he pleased.

"Shortly afterward Lowe made his appearance on the street, and calling on Mr. Cicero Maxwell, if within the sound of his voice, to come forth, stated that he had been stigmatized by Maxwell as a political juggler, and then proceeded to denounce Maxwell as 'a liar, a calumniator, and the son of a ——,' repeating the denunciation several times. Maxwell, accompanied by Messrs. Harris and Morton, of Hartford, Thomas Withrow, of Hawesville, and Judge Mayhall, of Hawesville, left his room—Maxwell armed with a double-barreled shot-gun, Mayhall with a rifle, and the two others with pistols. Maxwell, as soon as he got within shooting distance of Lowe, fired at him. The shot struck Lowe on the left breast, but he was protected by a coat of mail, which was subsequently given to him by Judge Stuart, of Brandenburg. Lowe immediately returned the fire, and then wheeled and fled. He ran into a crowd at the Court-house, where the Hon. John H. M'Henry, of Owensborough, made a speech invoking the citizens to do no violence, but to let the law take its course.

"Lowe afterward took refuge in a widow's house, but Maxwell's friends pursued him, demanding him of the widow, and threatening, in case of refusal, to demolish her house. She told him he was there, but entreated them not to injure her house, as she had no power to remove him. Three of Maxwell's friends went into the house and assured Lowe that if he would go out with them he should not be hurt. Lowe, asking them to spare his life, left with them; but after his proceeding some distance the crowd commenced firing. One of Maxwell's friends then said to Lowe that he could no longer risk his own life to save his. Lowe ran, and called on Harris to follow him, pursued by the crowd, who continued firing. Aldridge, a friend of Lowe, ran with him, and fired once or twice at the pursuing crowd. He was instantly killed by a shot through the head. Lowe was shot in the thigh, and had a finger shot off, and his clothes were literally riddled, his life being saved by his coat of mail. He ran down to the bank of the Ohio, where he fell in a state of exhaustion, followed by the crowd. He fell on his face as if killed. Thomas Withrow had fired at him in the pursuit until his shots were exhausted, and after Lowe was down ran up to him, cut at him with a knife, but the coat of mail prevented the penetration of the weapon. This coat of mail, which was of steel, was so closely linked that a pigeon-shot could scarcely penetrate it, and it extended up over the whole of the back part of his head, being concealed by a thick wig. Harris, Maxwell's friend, went to Lowe to protect him. One man presented a pistol, swearing that he would kill Lowe, but Harris knocked the pistol up, and it was discharged in the air. Maxwell then went up to Lowe, and asked him if he would retract what he had said of him. Lowe replied that he retracted every thing he had said, and that he was a coward, and had disgraced himself.

THE MURDER OF LOWE IN HIS CELL IN PRISON.

"Thereupon Maxwell appealed to his friends not to hurt Lowe, stating that the latter had done all he could wish him to do. The appeal had its effect, and Lowe was conducted before Judge Stuart at the Court-house.

"Judge Stuart made a speech to the crowd, telling them that they would have to walk over his dead body to do any further injury to Lowe—that Lowe had surrendered himself to him, and should be protected by him. A surgeon was sent for, and Lowe's wounds were dressed at the Court-house. Judge Stuart then took him to the jail, and remained with him till half past ten P.M. Nothing further occurred during the night. The next morning Lowe sent for Harris, and thanked him for his protection. He was still afraid of the mob, and begged Harris's influence in behalf of himself, his wife, and his children.

"In the mean time a rumor became current in the streets that Lowe had threatened to kill the last man of the mob, at the risk of his own life, as soon as released. Thomas Withrow and Dr. Davidson went to Mr. Oldham, the jailer, and demanded the keys of the jail. He refused to comply with the demand; whereupon they pointed their pistols at his breast, and said they would kill him if the keys were not surrendered. He surrendered them, and the two men went to Lowe's cell and unlocked the door. The prisoner in the adjoining cell saw them enter. Lowe, who was lying upon his bed, begged for mercy, beseeching them to spare his life for the sake of his wife and children. The prisoner of the neighboring cell states that the tall man (Withrow) shot first, and the short man (Davidson) next. The two then passed out of the cell, but immediately went back, and each fired two more shots. Any one of the six shots would have been mortal. Two balls were lodged in Lowe's body, and one in his head."

On 7th the *Journal* adds:

"The Grand Jury report that Lowe was proved to have a coat of mail on the day before the affray, but they say nothing as to his having worn it in the fight. Well-known facts can scarcely leave a doubt that he did wear it upon that occasion. Our informant, who was a spectator of the scene, says that at least between seventy-five and one hundred guns and pistols were fired at Lowe, and that there were thirty-two bullet and buck-shot holes through all portions of his coat, but that not a solitary ball or shot entered his body, or even drew a drop of blood. Heavily-loaded guns were fired at him from a distance of not more than six feet, and he was repeatedly knocked down and whirled around by the leaden missiles, yet no wounds except contusions were inflicted. The ball which struck his thigh made a very severe bruise, but did not enter the skin. Our informant saw a strong man strike him four times with a bowie-knife, but the point of the weapon turned without penetrating."

The Grand Jury have inquired into the case, and present as follows:

"In reference to the killing of Lowe, on the next day, when he was unarmed and confined in the jail, a difference of opinion exists in the Grand Jury. A majority of the Jury, however, believe that the lives of the two persons by whom he was said to have been slain were threatened by him, *and would have been unsafe if he had been permitted to live*, and that the same principles of self-preservation which justified the killing of Aldridge were applicable to the killing of Lowe. The Grand Jury unitedly deplore that so great provocation to violence existed in this county, and that blood has been shed in the very presence of justice. They hope sincerely that the bloody proceedings referred to may have a salutary effect upon the community; that the result may inculcate a desire to have the laws promptly administered, and impress upon those who disregard the rights of others the certainty that, in the judgment of all good men, the law is magnified when he who without right appeals to the sword is by the sword destroyed. They all regret that the law should have been inadequate to remedy the existing evil. *It is plain the law must protect men, or they will protect themselves; and this Jury seriously fear that unless the law is made to act more rigorously, force will assume the sceptre, and the rights of the citizens be determined by the strong arm of violence.* They also hope that those who assumed the redress of their own and the wrongs of the public will not so act in removing a public terror as to become a substitute for the same in the community, and that a love of law and order may, from this day, distinguish and redeem the citizens of Hancock County. William Adams, Sen., Foreman."

THE PISTOL-SHOT.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Tread the dance, the merry measure—
Youth's the time for pleasure, pleasure;
Eyes are never half so bright
As under ball-room lamps at night.

"She loves me not, but mocks my pain!
Hard heart, good-by! the end is plain."
"There's Ernest Vane—his looks are wild;
I must be careful of the child."

She smiles like a lady nobly born,
Half in pity, and half in scorn;
And then, her proud heart drunk with pleasure,
Goes whirling on to the merry measure.

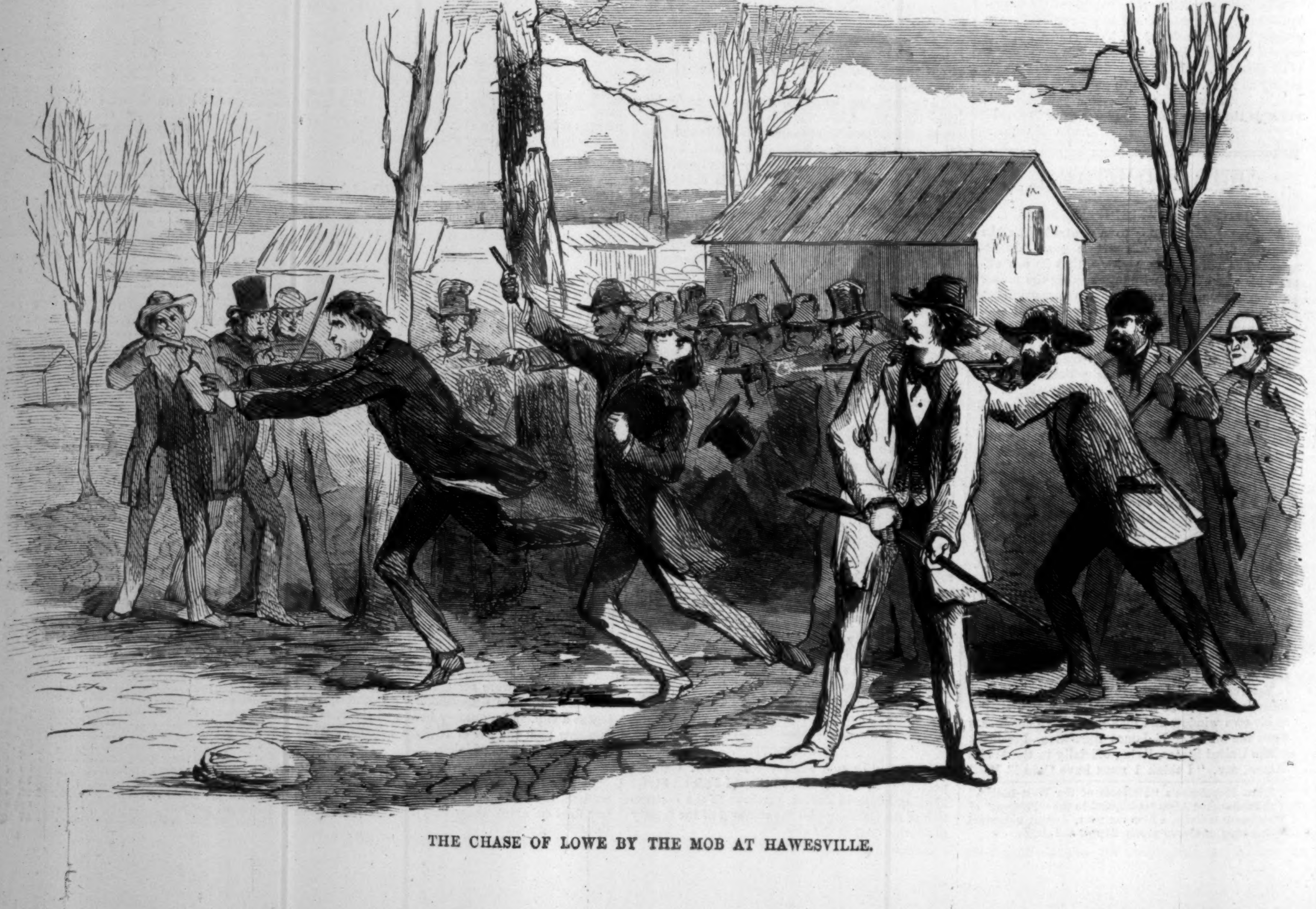
"What's that?" "An idle pistol-shot."
"I faint!" "The rooms are somewhat hot;
This way: you need the garden air."
"Not there! there's something lying there!"

But back again to the merry measure—
The nights of youth are made for pleasure;
The day is long enough for sorrow;
Let her laugh to-night—she can weep to-morrow!

FLYING FOXES.

We give herewith a couple of engravings which may be of interest to students of natural history. The one represents a common bat, measuring from ten to fifteen inches from tip to tip of the wings; the other depicts those curious animals known as "flying foxes," and "kalongs," being the largest known variety of bat, which is chiefly found in Java and the neighborhood.

Common bats, which fly round every farm-house throughout the United States, are in fact only an overgrown insect, with a body but little larger than



THE CHASE OF LOWE BY THE MOB AT HAWESVILLE.

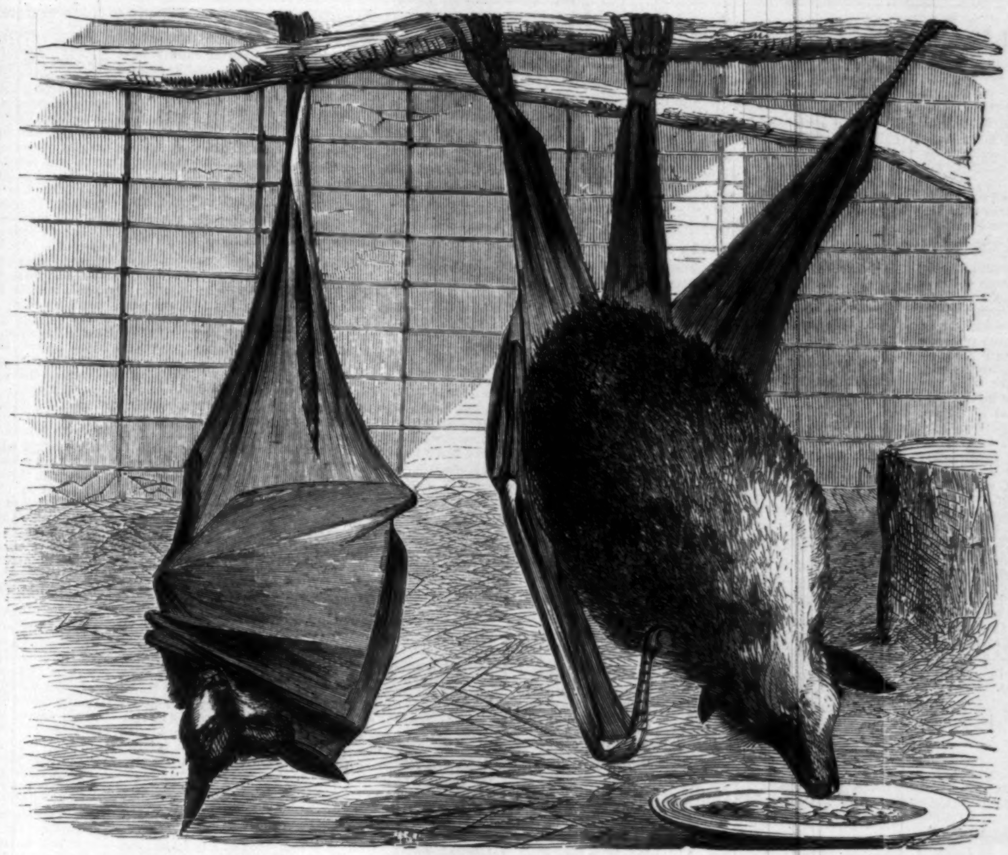
a "humble-bee," and wings not twice the length of those of a "devil's-needle." It is generally understood that, if confined in a room, these bats will cling to any substance resembling foliage; that, for instance, they will attach themselves to the hair of any individual who may happen to be in the room. It has been said that, in their agony to set themselves free, they will break their wings to pieces in the hair of their victim, and will so entangle themselves as to render it a work of great difficulty to extricate their remains. These stories are probably nursery tales. Bats are said by naturalists to be able to steer their course through the thickest foliage without the aid of nose, eyes, or touch; hence it has been supposed that nature has invented a sixth sense for their especial use. If this be so, how unlikely it is that they willfully run themselves aground in men's heads!

The flying foxes are a peculiar kind of bats, which flourish in Java, Australia, and parts of Central America. Their peculiarity consists, first, in their size: they will measure five feet from tip to tip of the wing, and the body will be as large as that of a fair-sized cat; and, secondly, in their singular habits. They live mostly on fruit. During the day they hang suspended, head downward, from the branches of trees. In this singular attitude they sleep soundly—so soundly, that if they are shot dead they do not stir, but hang on still as before. Thus travelers often mistake them for singular fruit, and only discover their mistake when they endeavor to pluck them. In Java five hundred or more of them frequently "roost"—if the word can be thus used—on a single tree.

When night comes they awake. Then comes the hour of danger for fruits. In Java they will clear an orchard in a single night. In the orchards attached to palaces every fruit, as soon as it is shaped, is incased in a sort of cage, to protect it from the kalongs. But for this precaution none would ever reach maturity.

In Central America and other parts of the world this variety of the *Cheiroptera* is said to feed on human blood. Throughout Central America it is understood that if a bat of the large species once discovers a traveler nothing but incessant vigilance will save his life. If unwatched, the bat will attack him in the midst of his first deep slumber, and will suck his blood—generally from the foot—so painlessly and so noiselessly that he will never discover what has happened till, on awaking next morning, he sees the heavy clot of blood on the puncture. That day the traveler will feel weak and languid. The next night, when he goes to sleep, the bat—or vampire, as it is called—is watching him. No sooner has sleep overpowered him than the blood-sucker is at work, fanning his victim to secure his deeper sleep, and abstracting a still larger quantity of blood than on the previous night. The story of Central American travelers is that this operation will be continued nightly, unless reliable watch be kept, so long as the victim remains on the isthmus. Similar tales are told by travelers in other regions.

Of their soundness we are not qualified to speak. Many honest gentlemen assert that they are true. But we are bound to say that the habits and anatomy of the *Cheiroptera*, so far as they have been observed by naturalists, forbid the idea of its being a feeder on blood or other animal food. It is a pity to question a story of so long standing; but facts are facts, after all.



FLYING FOXES ASLEEP.

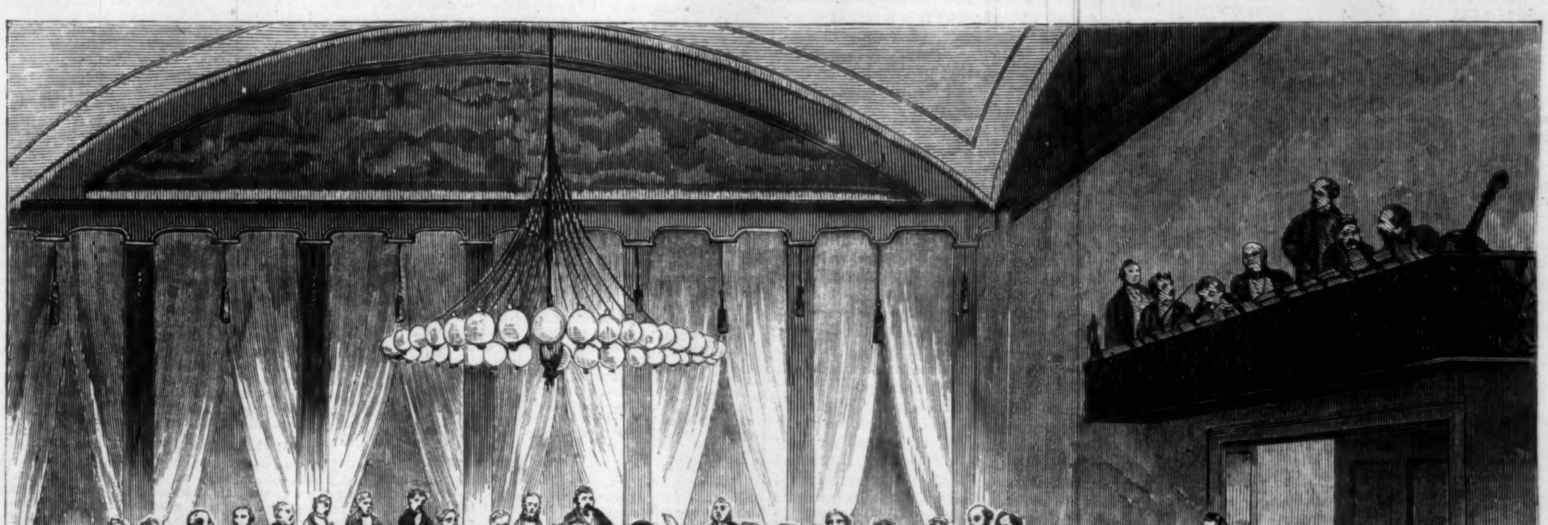
THE COMMON BAT.

FENCING AT BOSTON.

We publish herewith, by request, a picture of the great fencing exhibition given at Papanti's Hall, Boston, a few evenings since. The gentlemen of the Boston Fencing Club invited their friends—*la crême de la crême* in that creamiest of American cities—to witness the sport, and never was fairer audience gathered to see a more pleasing spectacle. We copy from the Boston *Courier* the following account, which rumor ascribes to the Hon. George Hillard:

"Mr. Papanti's Hall—that place so awe-inspiring to the unsophisticated, so fondly regarded by those within the imaginary line bounding 'society'—was filled with a closely-seated throng of ladies, save only a square space reserved for the combatants, and that occupied by standing men. How can the general character of the audience be more delicately made known than by saying that it was composed mostly of 'people whom one knows?' The exhibition consisted, during the first hour and a half, at least, of fencing, the broadsword exercise, and the single-stick play. It is useless to attempt any description of what is indescribable to one who has not seen a similar display, absurdly unnecessary to one who has. Nor is it desirable to mention the names of the actors. Indeed, their dearest friends could hardly have recognized those who entered the ring—which we just said was a square—accoutred for the play of single-stick; imagine a cross between a suit of marine diving apparatus and an armor of the Middle Ages, the whole made of stuffed buckskin, and a tolerable notion will be gained of the general effect of the defensive preparations necessary; and even with these safeguards so palpably before their eyes, some of the spectators would occasionally wish 'they wouldn't strike *quite* so hard.' Great muscular power, dexterity, grace were displayed, and plaudits, even from fair hands, certainly from admiring eyes, rewarded the eager combatants. Here was an excellent opportunity to observe the natural effect of sports like these. For the first time in their lives most of these fair spectators looked upon a scene like this; they came, not knowing what they were to see; now look about, and note the expression of the different countenances of these unbiased witnesses—excited, pleased delight is depicted on nearly all; here and there a nervous anxiety of look shows an unduly timid nature; but the general survey shows that pleasure and admiration and pride are in the hearts of the rest; pleasure in the sight—admiration for the skill displayed—pride, shall we say it, in the thought that in their own small hand lay a greater power than swelled in the muscles which controlled the flashing steel. And why should not the refining influence of woman be shed upon manly sports? Why should she not lend her inspiring presence to exercises which give strength to the graceful, and grace to the strong?"

The example of Boston may be profitably imitated by the rest of the country. There is no healthier sport than fencing.



THE EXHIBITION OF THE BOSTON FENCING CLUB, AT PAPANTI'S HALL.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY

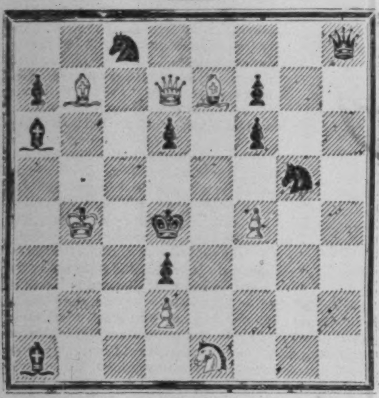
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. C. We have come to the conclusion to decline publishing Problems wherein *castling* is the main feature. In nine cases out of ten the inference, judging from the position, would be that either King or Rook has already been moved.——F. L. is informed that, having no other move at his command, he must take the Pawn in passing, and that he can not claim a drawn game.——"Syphax" is correct in his solutions to Problems XV. and XVIII.; also in the matter of Enigma VI., wherein Black Pawn should be on Rook's third square and not in the *stable* with Black horse, as would appear in the text. (This also to D. J. W. and some others.) We think, by-the-way, that it is scarcely worth while to print Problems excepting on Diagrams, as comparatively few people take the trouble to transfer the positions to the board.——Additional solutions have been received as follows: To No. XVII. from "Jed" and F. M.—T. B., L. W. H., and some others, are referred again to Diagram XVIII. 1. Kt takes Q, will not effect the mate as stipulated.——H. N. J. (Yale College). Try again. (*See* No. XVII.) We shall be glad to receive the particulars of your match as it progresses (Yale College *vs.* Brown University).——Dr. R. and "Patterson" will accept our thanks. Their communications are always welcome.——We have on file sundry matter for examination, inclusive of emanations from "Jacobus," "Patterson," "Cygnet," etc. *Au revoir*, gentlemen.——"Novice." The opening called *Philidor's defense* is thus constituted: Both parties playing 1. P to K 4, White plays 2. K Kt to B 3, and Black 2. P to Q 3. Black gets somewhat of a cramped game, but it is hard to say that he is held at positive disadvantage.——G. M. A piece pinned in the manner stated is yet not deprived of its checking power.——J. B. and C. T. In the matter of our last week's Problem we wait to hear the opinions of our Chess friends generally, as well the more particularly of our brethren of the goose quill.——J. C. G. We are not aware that, in actual play, Mr. Morphy ever announced "Checkmate in fifteen moves:" but if he did make such announcement, *two to one he kept his word!*——"Gedrea." It was your own envelope. We think you are entitled to the designation claimed; at all events we allow it. (*See Diagram.*)

PROBLEM XX.

"EXCELSIOR!" BY "GEDREA."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVIII.

	White.	Black.
1.	B takes Q B P	Q takes B
2.	Q to Q Kt 7	Kt to Q 5 (*)
3.	Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
4.	Kt to Q 2 checkmate	

(*) Q takes Q would involve mate on the third move.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA VI.

White plays Queen to K R 7. If Queen takes Queen, Bishop takes Pawn, mating. If P takes P, 2. Kt to Kt 7, disc. check and mate.

The following handsomely played game is one of several contested between Messrs. Andersen and Morphy subsequently to the termination of their late match:

(*Bishop's Gambit refused.*)

	White (*Mr. A.*)	Black (*Mr. M.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	P to K B 4	P takes P
3.	B to Q B 4 (*a*)	Kt to K B 3
4.	P to K 5	P to Q 4
5.	B to Q Kt 3	Kt to K 5
6.	Kt to K B 3	B to K Kt 5
7.	Castles	Kt to Q B 3
8.	B to R 4 (*b*)	P to K Kt 4 (*c*)
9.	B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
10.	P to Q 4	P to Q B 4
11.	P to Q B 3	B to K 2
12.	P to Q Kt 4	P takes Kt P
13.	P takes P	Castles
14.	Q to Q Kt 3	R to Q Kt
15.	P to Q R 3	P to Q B 4
16.	Kt to Q B 3	Kt takes Kt
17.	Q takes Kt	P takes Kt P
18.	P takes P	K B takes P
19.	Q to Q 3	P to Q R 4
20.	P to K R 4	P to K R 3
21.	P takes P	P takes P
22.	P to K Kt 3	R to Q Kt 3
23.	R to Q R 2	R to K Kt 3
24.	R to K Kt 2	B to K R 6
25.	P to K 6	B takes R
26.	P takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2
27.	K takes B	Q to Q B
28.	Kt to K 5	R to K R 3
29.	P takes P	K R home
30.	P takes P	R to R 7 (ch)
31.	K to Kt	R to R 8 (ch)
32.	K to B 2	K R to R 7 (ch)
33.	K to K 3	R to R 6 (ch)
34.	Kt to K B 3	R takes Kt (ch)
35.	R takes R	Q takes B (ch)

And White resigns.

Notes.

(*a*) With the kind intention of favoring his young antagonist with a Bishop's gambit, which happens to be a stronghold in Mr. A.'s play. Mr. M., however, politely declines the honor.

(*b*) Not a pleasant alternative: but P to Q 4 would have been yet worse, as Black would at once take P with Kt, when it is pretty obvious that the Kt could not be taken without loss of Queen.

(*c*) Mr. M. here has an opportunity of exhibiting his unapproachable skill in a strong light. The remaining portion of this game presents a study at each move.

LITERARY.

It is remarkable and noteworthy that the most valuable manual of American literature should appear in London and be published by an English house. Trübner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature is a work of extraordinary skill and perseverance, giving an index to all the publications of the American press for the last forty years. The introduction, consisting of Bibliographical Prolegomena, and Contributions toward a History of American Literature, is just and admirable. The last-named portion especially presents the most careful, elaborate, and judicious views of the literary world on this side of the water that have ever appeared in England, not to say in America. Hereafter no Englishman will be excusable for repeating the old question, "Who reads an American book?" The Contributions contain a rapid review of American authorship in all departments of science and literature. No one can fail to be interested and instructed by the summary here gathered. All the great publishing houses are described, and estimates are given of the receipts of various authors of popular works, and of the general success of authorship in this country. On the whole, passing over a few natural errors, we could not desire a more fair and satisfactory sketch of the progress of the pen and press in America than is here given; and the thanks of all Americans are due to Mr. Moran, of the American Legation, to whom we think we are right in attributing these excellent contributions.

We have received the sixth number of the Mathematical Monthly, published in Cambridge by John Bartlett. Its success is not only honorable to the mathematical tastes of American students, but is due to the learning and ability of its contributors, who are among the first men and minds in the country. It is hardly to be expected that general readers will be interested in such an article as that of Professor G. B. Docharty on The Moment of Inertia, but the student of the "science of figures" will thank us for calling special attention to it as remarkably skillful and apt, and answering admirably its design in aiding those who are pursuing studies without a teacher. We notice also an excellent article for young students from Professor Mahan, of West Point, and sundry prize problems.

Coin collectors and all who are interested in American numismatics will welcome the appearance of Dr. Dickeson's American Numismatic Manual, from the press of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This is one of the most elegant works which the American press has hitherto issued. The typography is sumptuous, and the volume is enriched with a large number of fine plates, giving fac-simile impressions of all the American coins, from the earliest and rarest down to the latest, the gold and silver coins being respectively gilded and silvered, and the copper bronzed. The work has long been needed, not only by collectors, but by every library in the country; and when we say that this, in style and execution, rivals Humphrey's great work on the coins and coinage of England, those who know that superb book will understand the elegance of Dr. Dickeson's.

The author has given his attention to a full history of money in America. He illustrates the remains found in aboriginal mounds and the wampum of the Indians, then passes on to the Massachusetts mint, the Pine-tree and the N. E. coinage, and thence to all the colonial coins, and coins struck in England and France for America, and finally to the regular United States issue from 1793 to the present time. The patience, perseverance, and accuracy of Dr. Dickeson are worthy of great praise. He has the caution and judgment of an experienced collector, and it is a matter of astonishment that he has made so few errors in a labor so tedious and minute. The reader may judge of this when we remark that he describes no less than 72 types of the *Auctori Connec.* coppers, and subdivides these into more than a hundred other varieties. The ordinary cent, of daily use, has also afforded him a field of interesting research, and the collector of American coppers will find his work simplified and vastly aided by the investigations of our author. We do not agree with Dr. Dickeson in all of his conclusions, and we note occasionally a slip of the pen, which he will correct in future editions. We are glad to express a hearty approval of the work and a cordial recommendation of it.

Mr. James Challen is not only one of our most respectable publishers, but is an able author, and has published several interesting works on religious subjects. We have just received a small book from his pen, Christian Morals, published by James Challen & Sons, which is a searching treatise on the morals and manners which too many Christians, it is to be feared, neglect in their daily lives. Trifles though they seem to be, they make the man in his relations to the world around him; and it is the author's aim, well done, to inculcate the duty of closer attention to them in men calling themselves followers of Christ.

Rev. William H. Lewis, D.D., the learned and beloved pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, wrote, some time since, several articles on the subject of Church Unity, which appeared in the New York *Observer*, and which he has written and amplified, and now published in an excellent treatise worthy the attention of all Christians, and especially of all Episcopalians. Dr. Lewis has the union of all Christians in one Church closely at his heart. He believes that the Episcopal Church is broad enough in its platform and creed to receive all orthodox believers, while its rules and government might be modified to suit other denominations. So far as his plan may be considered practical, it consists in so modifying the Episcopal form of Church constitution as to receive all evangelical bodies into its embrace without sacrificing any thing that may be considered an essential part of the Church. He proposes to yield, and asks others to yield as much, and meet on middle ground. This, if any, must be the plan. Not a new Church, never heard of before, but an old Church opening its arms. But is it necessary, is it desirable, will it result in good? Frankly, we do not believe in evangelical alliances. We do not believe that the churches of Antioch, and Ephesus, and Jerusalem, and Alexandria were any nearer alike than Methodists, and Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, and Baptists now: and we do believe that the variety of Church organizations now existing is a means of keeping up the learning and activity of the clergy, is the grand enemy of bigotry, and is the salvation of the world from that age of stagnation, gloom, intolerance, and persecution into which men would plunge rapidly if there were one controlling Church organization among all Protestants. But this is only apropos of Dr. Lewis's book, which is, like himself, learned, gentlemanly, and winning, and which is especially commendable to Episcopalians as affording them a mine of arguments in defense of their Church against the assaults to which it is most subjected in this age and country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

WILL THERE BE AN EXTRA SESSION?

The *Times* correspondent telegraphs on Friday 18th: "The Cabinet are still resisting the movement for an extra session, but their resistance is all in vain. The President's mind was made up on Saturday last, as stated in Monday's *Times*, and his proclamation may issue to-morrow. Attorney-General Black took the position that, as the Post-office Department would inevitably be dishonored in a few weeks, an extra session would come too late to save the credit of the Government. He therefore prefers a continuation of protest to the evils of an extra session. Senators Gwin and Lane are still here, anxiously awaiting the result of the pow-wow before leaving for the Pacific coast."

EMIGRATION TO ARIZONA.

We find the following in a late number of the Galveston *News:*

"We had the pleasure of a call, on Tuesday, from Colonel Lockridge and Captain Warnock, who arrived by the *Texas* from New Orleans, and left by the same steamer yesterday for the West, to arrange, as we learn, the means of transportation for the emigrants who are to leave Victoria early in April for the Territory of Arizona. It is expected there will be 2000 emigrants in the mines by the 1st of July, and Colonel Lockridge informs us he will return to New Orleans in about two weeks to take charge of the expedition. Those wishing to join the company have now a good opportunity, as they will pass through our city *en route* for their destination."

We read in the Boston *Journal* that "General Henningsen will leave Washington in a day or two for New Orleans, where he will take command of a body of 'regulartors' who are to establish 'law-and-order' in Arizona. Slavery having been established in New Mexico, Arizona is next to be made a Territory, and these two *States* will be claiming admission to balance Minnesota and Oregon. Those who went out to Arizona last year do not write back the most favorable accounts of it as a pleasant home for any human being, white or black."

THE CAMANCHES AND THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The Overland Mail Company, as previously noticed, is suffering from the depredations of the Camanches. Some eighty head of mules have been run off at a station on the Lower Reserve, twelve miles the other side of Fort Belknap. These mules formed part of a drove which the Company had purchased in California and Texas, and were about distributing among the various stations. A company of Rangers had started in pursuit of the savages, and had traced them as far as the "Clear Fork." At last accounts they were still on the trail, with strong hopes of soon overtaking them."

DIPLOMATIC MOVEMENTS AT WASHINGTON.

The houses of both the Ministers of England and France, in Washington, are advertised to let. The former was the residence of Hamilton Fish. The latter is on the heights of Georgetown. Lord Napier expects Lord Lyons in a few days, and purposes leaving by the 1st of April, accompanied by Mr. Erskine, the present Secretary of Legation, whose place will be taken by Mr. Irving, from Vienna. Mr. Warre, son of the member for Ripon, and nephew, by marriage, of Charles Kingsley, who was in Washington two years since, is appointed paid attaché to the United States Legation in the room of Captain Hope. Of Count Sartiges it is said, it is positively known that his removal has been determined. It is near ten months since he applied for leave of absence and a European mission, this climate not agreeing with his constitution. He will probably be appointed either to a Germanic mission or to Lisbon. He entered the diplomatic service in 1831 as attaché at Rome, thence was removed to Rio Janeiro, where he remained some years; from thence he was sent as Secretary, first to Constantinople and then to Athens, then appointed Minister at Teheran, and from Persia finally promoted to the Legation in America. Vicomte de Serre, his probable successor, is a fine soldierly gentleman and a bachelor. He was for some time Chef de Cabinet in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris.

DEATH OF MIKE WALSH.

The body of Mike Walsh was found about five o'clock on Thursday morning by a policeman at the foot of the steps leading to the basement of No. 158 Eighth Avenue. A pool of blood marked where his head lay, his gold watch, chain, and diamond ring were missing, and the presumption at first was that he had been murdered. A medical examination of the body showed that the immediate cause of death was congestion of the brain, and in the absence of any external injuries, beyond a scalp-wound, induced the general belief that he fell down the steps while intoxicated, and thus came to his death. He leaves a wife and two children. The funeral will take place on Sunday from his late residence in Twenty-first Street. The body will be interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

HOOPS THE MEANS OF SAVING LIFE.

We were informed, says the Abbeville *Banner*, by a citizen of our District, on Monday last, of a most remarkable escape from drowning of Mr. Robert Anderson, wife, two children, and sister. The circumstances, as related to us, are as follows:

"Mr. Robert Anderson, a citizen of our District, his wife, two children, and sister, left home on Saturday last for the purpose of visiting the father of Mr. A., Captain George Anderson, of Laurens District; and while crossing Saluda, immediately above Captain Anderson's mill, one of the horses attached to the carriage was suddenly attacked with 'blind staggers,' and fell overboard, nearly upsetting the carriage. By some means the ferryman, in the general scuffle to extricate the animal, lost his pole, and was thereby unable to govern the boat, which commenced drifting rapidly—the river being considerably swollen toward the dam. Mr. Anderson, seeing there was no alternative but to go over the dam, gathered his two children and jumped into the pond, instructing his wife and sister to do the same, which they did. Mr. A. succeeded in getting safely ashore with his charge; but his wife, not so fortunate, washed over the dam and was in a manner drowned, when she was rescued by a negro, who obtained a canoe and went to her relief just in time to save life. She was unconscious when first taken from the stream, but after some time revived, and is doing well. The young lady, the sister of Mr. A., fortunately, at least in this case, was better prepared for the emergency than her sister-in-law, by having on a hoop-skirt, which, we understand, so completely supported her that she suffered very little from the accident, more than a slight wetting. She, however, after floating about for some time, was taken into the boat by the ferryman, in which she remained until it passed over the dam, which feat it performed with perfect safety, dragging the dead horse, which was drowned by falling overboard, with it.

"We regard this a most remarkable escape, and should be a warning to those who neglect to detach their horses when driven into flats. It is also one of the strongest arguments we have seen in favor of the hoop, which, in this instance, served as an excellent substitute for a life-preserver."

TERRIBLE MURDER AT HARTFORD.

The Hartford *Courant*, March 14, says: "Yesterday afternoon there occurred, at No. 54 South Hudson Street, the most horribly cool-blooded and atrocious murder that it was ever our painful duty to chronicle. It appears that Christopher C. Colson, whose wife some few months since procured a bill of divorce from him, on the grounds of habitual drunkenness and cruelty, has, since that time, followed her with continual menaces, and frequently publicly threatened to take her life and to kill her mother and sister. Saturday night last he slept at the house of his brother, James H. Colson, baker, No. 54 South Hudson Street. The house is occupied by four families, Mr. Colson living on the first floor in the north half. Christopher was sitting in one of the basement rooms, in conversation with a Mr. Barker, when his former wife, who has, since the divorce, taken her maiden name of Sarah Burns, came in from her mother's. Colson advanced to his wife and endeavored to take her hand, but she repulsed him with the remark that 'her hand was now her own, and that she did not wish to have any thing to do with him.' She then attempted to leave the room, when he followed her, caught her by the dress behind, and cut her throat from the right ear to a point just below the chin, making two horrible gashes, severing the carotid artery and partially severing the jugular vein. He manifested very little passion or feeling of any kind, but remarking that he 'hoped she was satisfied,' threw his bloody weapon—a large two-edged fish knife—under the table, and proceeded leisurely to the pantry, where he commenced devouring some pies that were stored there. The inmates of the house were, of course, thrown into the greatest consternation and excitement by the terrible event that had just transpired. Some attempt was made to arrest the murderer, but he was so much held in dread by those present, who feared that he might be still armed, that he was allowed, after he had eaten and drank what he wanted, to leave the house unmolested. From the hotel he walked in a leisurely manner up Ferry Street till he came nearly opposite the old Bartlett Tavern, where he was arrested."

A VILLAGE OVERFLOWED.

The village of Patchogue, Long Island, was partially submerged a few days since by the breaking of the dams of the large sheets of water called the Upper and Lower Lakes. The dam across the Upper Lake first gave way, and the water, rushing with great force into the Lower Lake, swept away that dam also, and the accumulated flood poured in a torrent through the village, endangering the lives of the inhabitants, and destroying a large amount of property. The disaster occurred at about five o'clock in the morning, while most of the people were asleep. They were aroused by the noise of the water entering their houses. The house of Mr. Ging and Mr. Palmer's Hotel were the first to suffer. Every thing movable was carried away, and provisions, etc., were destroyed. Mr. Ging and family had to wade in a swift current, waist deep, for a considerable distance to reach dry land, and only escaped in their night clothes. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were swept down by the swiftness of the current, and saved their lives by clinging to a tree. A portion of Mr. Woodhull's cotton-mill was carried away, and some heavy iron shafts were floated off. Many bridges and aqueducts were destroyed, and a large willow-tree was wrenched from its position and carried about half a mile. The loss of property is estimated at $30,000, and some fifty people are thrown out of employment. Some fifty years ago the same village was flooded by a similar occurrence.

STRANGE STORY OF A MURDERER.

We read in the Auburn *Advertiser* of 13th: "The case of Ruloff, the supposed murderer of his wife and child, is quite familiar to most of our citizens. His wife and child mysteriously disappeared fifteen years ago, and if living, their residence can not be ascertained, and if dead, their remains were never discovered. Ruloff at that time lived in Ithaca. The case then excited intense feeling, and Ruloff was placed on trial for the abduction of his wife and child. He was found guilty and sentenced to the State Prison for a term of years. At the expiration of his term he was rearrested, taken to Ithaca and placed on trial for the murder of his wife and child. After an exciting trial, in which he defended himself in a masterly manner, and in a style that gave evidence of great legal research, he was found guilty of murder. After the trial he made a successful escape from the Tompkins County jail, and after a long absence was found in Sandusky, Ohio. In his wanderings he had frozen both feet, from the effects of which he is still lame. After the verdict was rendered in the Oyer and Terminer his case was carried to the Court of Appeals, where it was decided that it was necessary to produce the bodies of the alleged victims before the murder could be sustained. This decision would have released Ruloff in a few weeks.

THE PROPOSED RESCUE.

"The citizens of Ithaca and Tompkins County, finding that Ruloff was about to escape 'scot free,' became exasperated, and were determined to take the law in their own hands and administer summary punishment upon Ruloff. They consequently issued inflammatory handbills headed with the words, 'Shall the murderer escape unpunished?' and calling upon the citizens of Ithaca and Tompkins County to meet at the hotel in Ithaca on Saturday, March 12, to take into consideration the best method of disposing of the wife and child murderer. The feeling was aroused to such a pitch that the jail would have been attacked, the doors driven in, and Ruloff taken out and hung up to the first tree. This was boldly talked in and about Ithaca. The Sheriff of Tompkins, feeling in duty bound to maintain order, and ascertaining that the military of his town could not be relied upon in a case of emergency, quietly removed Ruloff at 8 o'clock Friday morning from the jail, drove rapidly to the steamboat landing, placed Ruloff on board, and hastened with him to Auburn. On his arrival he endeavored to get him in at the prison, but, of course, the law would not allow that, and he applied to Sheriff Hoskins, who opened his doors, and Ruloff was immediately placed within the strong walls of our jail."

FINAL DECISION OF THE PEOPLE.

The latest news is that "better counsels have prevailed at Ithaca with reference to the case of Ruloff, accused of having murdered his wife and child, and who has again been granted a new trial, after having been convicted for the second time. A public meeting was held on Wednesday evening, at which it was resolved that Ruloff shall not be molested except by the proper officers. A fund was raised for the prosecution of a further search for the remains of the supposed murdered woman and child."

PERSONAL.

Richard Cobden was lately at Suspension Bridge, on his way to Illinois. The Buffalo *Commercial* says: "It is regretted by many of our citizens that he could not visit Buffalo. He was here many years ago, and his leading recollection of the place is that of being ushered at night into a bedroom where about thirty-five men raised up their heads at his entrance. There was one spare bed, which the host assigned to Mr. Cobden, who explained that, as an Englishman, he had his prejudices—one of them being in favor of having a separate bedroom. The host was all politeness; he had one spare room, but it was a very large room. 'That is exactly what I like,' said Mr. Cobden. 'But,' said Boniface, 'it is a very large room indeed, Sir. We have music and a band in it, and sometimes dancing.' 'That is just such a room as I like,' said he. So he slept that night on a shake-down, in the big ball-room."

The *Tribune* says: "Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era*, sails for Europe about the 1st of May, for a six months' tour. He will be accompanied by Mr. Wood, author of 'Peter Schlemihl in America,' etc. Should there be no extra Session, Mr. John Sherman, of Ohio, will also be one of the party. The statement that Dr. Bailey has accepted the invitation of Richard Cobden to spend the summer with him, is untrue. He was invited but declined. Dr. Bailey's health is better than it was in mid-winter."

A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, writing from Berlin, February 15, gives the following extracts from a letter he had just received from Mr. Sumner:

"Since I left you I had a relapse, which left me for days a wreck, and made me for a while despair; but I

have followed with the greatest fidelity the prescribed medical treatment, and have led a life of perfect tranquillity. The morning begins with dry cupping for half an hour—not pleasant, but after *fire* quite tolerable; then moderate, very careful exercise, avoiding fatigue; repose on my sofa or bed fifteen hours out of the twenty-four; pills of belladonna and capsules of Terebentnine. I mention these details because —— wrote me that you had expressed an interest in knowing them. The eminent physicians in Paris and those here who have made themselves acquainted with my case, preach *caution*." Speaking of Mr. Parker's illness, he says: "Thinking of his calamity, I hesitate to turn to my own condition, which is now brightening, so that I feel perfect assurance of the future."

He concludes thus: "As the session of Congress will be soon over, there will be no *public duties* to claim me till next December, when I hope to be ready for any labor." Three cheers! "Meanwhile, having given three solid months to my treatment, I propose, in a week, to go to Nice, where I shall be a week; perhaps thence to Rome."

Hon. Ballard Preston, Secretary of the Navy under General Taylor, and Thomas C. Preston, Esq., both of them eminent Virginians, and the latter a brother of the distinguished Senator from South Carolina, have been passing a few days in the city. The general health of William C. Preston, whom old visitors to Washington in the palmy days of the United States Senate will remember as one of the most distinguished orators in the country, is good. He is, however, suffering bodily from his old stroke of paralysis.

The Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, has bequeathed his "arms"—not spiritual but military—to the State of Massachusetts. They consist of two guns—one a fowling-piece, with which his grandfather, Captain John Parker, shot a British soldier at the battle of Lexington; the other, a "King's arm," which the Captain took from the "Britisher" after he shot him. The guns are now in the Secretary of State's Office in Boston for safe keeping during the absence of the owner.

In Mr. Belly's suite of thirty-three persons, engineers, secretaries, etc., which recently left Paris for Nicaragua, appears the name of the Prince Camille de Polignac, who goes out with the title of *Chief of the Military Forces*.

A letter was sent to Mr. Spurgeon, who recently announced his determination of not visiting this country, as expected, by the last steamer, signed by many of the leading Baptists of this city, urging him to revoke his decision not to visit the United States.

A telescope valued at $300 has been forwarded by Lord Napier, on behalf of the British Government, to Captain Henry P. Lunt of the ship *Amelia* of Charleston, South Carolina, who saved the crew, nine in number, of the British Brig *Orwell* when water-logged.

The Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, preached last Sunday the last sermon that will ever be heard in the old Federal Street Church, so long hallowed by the labors of Dr. Channing. The text was from Haggai, ii., 3: "Who is left among you that saw this house in her glory?"

Captain Daniel Brown, believed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, died at Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, on the 3d inst., at the age of eighty-eight years.

Mrs. Pendleton, a sister of the late Mr. Key, has taken his four children to her home in Ohio.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE TELEGRAPH IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, March 4, Lord Wodehouse inquired if any guarantee had been granted to the Atlantic Telegraph Company. The Earl of Derby said no unconditional guarantee had been granted, but a conditional guarantee was under consideration by which a liberal rate of interest, amounting to 8 per cent., would be assured on the capital, but contingent upon the success and continued only as long as telegraphic communication was continued without interruption.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, upon the 28th ultimo, rose to explain and ask leave to introduce the promised Parliamentary Reform Bill. [The House was filled in every part. A large number of Peers occupied the gallery set apart for their use, and in their midst was Mr. Dallas, the American Minister.] Mr. Disraeli commenced by reviewing the history of the reform question since the cardinal events of 1832; and although he admitted the importance of population and property, he gave a variety of reasons why representation based upon these grounds would not answer, and contended that the principle of representation founded upon population was limited, fallacious, and entirely erroneous, and had nothing novel about it. The principles of the proposed Ministerial measure he stated to be as follows: "In respect to boroughs, it is intended to create a new franchise, by conferring it upon those who derive £10 a year from Government, India, or Bank stock, as well as upon those who had £60 for a year in a savings'-bank, pensions for naval, military, and civil services to the amount of £20 a year, and dwellers in parts of houses paying a rent equal to 8s. per week. The bill also proposes an educational franchise, by conferring votes upon the under-graduates of all the universities, ministers of all religious denominations (subject to regulations), all members of the legal profession, registered medical men, and a certain class of schoolmasters. In respect of counties, the bill proposes to establish identity of suffrage between the counties and the boroughs, and giving to the forty-shilling freeholder the right of voting for the borough in which he resides, instead of voting for the county in virtue of that freehold. It is not proposed to fully disfranchise any place at present represented, but it is intended to reduce the representation of fifteen small boroughs from two to one member each, and to the fifteen seats so vacated—eight of them to certain counties, and the remaining seven to large boroughs not at present represented. All voting to be done by means of voting-papers, and a register to be kept of all qualified voters." Mr. Disraeli concluded by earnestly recommending the measure to the impartial consideration of the House. He was greeted with loud cheers at the termination of his speech, which occupied three-and-a-quarter hours in its delivery.

Several members forthwith proceeded to attack the bill, including Lord John Russell, Mr. Bright, etc. Mr. Disraeli said that Irish and Scotch bills would also be introduced. He fixed the 21st of March for the second reading of the bill.

MR. DICKENS AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

The *Critic* says: "It is rumored that, in consequence of a disagreement between Mr. Charles Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, a great change will be made with regard to *Household Words*. This publication, as is pretty generally known, was founded at the suggestion of Mr. Wills, its present editor, and was intended as a sort of rival to *Chambers's Journal*. Mr. Dickens became a shareholder, and his name is constantly announced as its 'conductor,' although his contributions to its pages have been few and infrequent. Acting under an impression that it is his name that offers the sole attraction to the public, Mr. Dickens has determined, it is said, to withdraw from *Household Words*, and found another periodical upon a similar plan, and matters have proceeded so far that an office for the new journal is either taken, or in progress of being taken, in Wellington Street. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, on their part, have resolved to continue *Household Words*, and it is whispered that they have endeavored to prevail upon Mr. Thackeray to become its conductor. Whether they have succeeded in persuading the great Titmarsh to accede to their prayer we are unable to say; but it is certain that they will have at their disposal the whole of the *Punch* staff; and it is confidently stated that they will invite the return to *Household Words* of Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose witty and suggestive pictures of life and manners formed the chiefest attraction of that publication a few years ago, and the outpourings from whose pen were so frequently attributed to Mr. Charles Dickens.

CARLYLE'S VIEWS OF HONORS.

The following reply has been made by Mr. Thomas Carlyle to an application for permission to nominate him for the office of Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in the prospect of an election:

"CHELSEA, *Feb.* 11.

"DEAR SIR.—I am much obliged to you and your young friends in Marischal College; but there are two reasons why, as appears to me, you ought not to proceed with your nomination. The first is that you have no good likelihood, so far as I can guess, of carrying your election. This is a very important preliminary reason. The second is that, being extremely busy in these months, and otherwise averse to travel—and, in truth, an enemy rather than a friend to public haranguing as at present practiced—I do not think it likely I could get to Aberdeen on such an errand, even if you were unexpectedly successful. Pray desist, therefore. To me the honor is without importance at this stage of my life, and, in fact, has no value at all, except as testifying your regard to me, of which I can now otherwise hold myself assured. And to you have not I already 'spoken'—to such of you as care to listen—and, with a great deal of deliberation, given you the truest advice I had? Accept many thanks from me, and believe, all of you, voters for and voters against, that nobody, elected or eligible, can wish you more truly than I do continued increase of intelligence, and of all the nobleness that should go along with it. And so, with sincere regards and thanks, I remain, yours faithfully, "T. CARLYLE.

"JOHN FORBES, Marischal College, Kingsland House, Aberdeen."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S POLICY.

The *Moniteur* says: "The serious condition of Italian affairs has attracted the attention of the Emperor, whose endeavors are to conclude an alliance in furtherance of the interest of France. The Emperor has promised the King of Sardinia to protect him against any aggressive acts of Austria, but his promises extended no further. The Emperor denies that France is making warlike preparations. She has not exceeded the effective force she is accustomed to maintain during peace. Assuming that preparations in the arsenals have received any extraordinary impulse, it is because changes were necessary in our artillery and in the whole of our fleet. All naval preparations are limited to the arming of four frigates and four transports, to meet imminent emergencies.

"It is absurd to represent the Emperor as pushing war, and to cast on him alone the responsibility of having caused warlike preparations in Europe. Where can any one point out words, diplomatic notes, or acts implying the wish of the Emperor to provoke war? The Emperor is now examining the various reasons of the present complications, but this must not be regarded as any provocation of war on his part. Besides, to examine these questions is to meet them in a diplomatic way, and nothing authorizes the belief that the issue will not be favorable to the continuation of the peace."

SYMPTOMS OF REBELLION AMONG THE EMPEROR'S PEOPLE.

On the Budget being brought up for discussion on Wednesday, March 2, the Committee declared, by a majority of 10 to 4, they could not examine a peace budget in the presence of war demonstrations on all sides, and that a war budget would be required. They pointed out, moreover, that it would be ridiculous to take the proposed figures into consideration, when expenses already incurred have caused the requirements of the Government considerably to exceed the amounts demanded; and also that, as representing the views and interests of the nation, they did not see a sufficient motive for France to be committed to the sacrifices apparently contemplated. They therefore resolved to await explanations from the Government; and although the minority then proposed an amendment, to the effect that the Government might, nevertheless, aid in national honor, and should they require it count on the assistance of the Chamber, it was forthwith rejected, the Committee persisting resolutely in their original vote.

ARE THE FRENCH GOING TO EVACUATE ROME?

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says: "We learn that in consequence of the communication addressed by Cardinal Antonelli to the French Embassador at Rome, the Emperor has ordered the immediate evacuation by our troops of the Pontifical city. A message received here asserts that the French *corps d'armée* had been forthwith withdrawn to Civita Vecchia, there to await the transport vessels which will convey the troops back to France." The *Moniteur* of the 4th instant says that the statement in the *Constitutionnel*, announcing the evacuation of Rome by the French troops, is at least premature.

ANOTHER ROTHSCHILD WEDDING PRESENT.

"It is stated," says the *Patrie*, "that on the day on which the marriage of young M. de Rothschild took place with Mlle. d'Anspach Baron James presented his daughter-in-law with a small pocket-book covered with crimson velvet. On the young lady opening it she found inside an inscription of rente of 50,000 francs. 'That sum,' said the Baron, 'is quite independent of the allowance which your husband will give you each year for your toilet and private expenses. This sum will serve for your charities, fancies, or any use you choose to make of it.'"

THE EMPEROR A BELIEVER IN SPIRIT-RAPPINGS.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "I have had an opportunity of conversing with a gentleman just returned from Paris, who has had unusual opportunities of studying the state of feeling and opinion among the official and higher classes of the French capital, and whose observation, indeed, has extended to the Tuileries itself, and the *sanctum* of the great 'Dalai Lama,' to whose absolute wisdom, according to M. Delangle's circular, it is the duty of France to bow in unquestioning silence. To his surprise, he found the Emperor absorbed, to all appearance, in spiritualism, somnambulism, rappings, mediums, and the rest of the mystical trash in which Mr. Hume, the American Cagliostro, is the leading adept, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton the most illustrious believer. One may be excused for incredulity when told, even by an ear-witness, that the Emperor talked more on these edifying topics than on any others. Perhaps he wished to mystify his English visitor. If so, he appears to have succeeded, for he seems to have left my informant under the impression that he has gone crazy, and that 'Spiritualism' has more to do with his hallucination than either faith in 'Plon-Plon' or fear of Carbonari poniards. There is one thing rather in favor of the probability that Louis Napoleon may be under such mystic influence. He always had faith in his 'star,' his 'destiny,' as a something supernatural and altogether distinct from cause and effect; and used (as I have learned from old companions of his London days—rather of the baser sort, I confess), even in his lowest depths of misfortune and ill-success, to appeal to this guiding and protecting 'star' with confidence among the oddest company, and to the most disreputable confidantes of the other sex. His uncle, too, was not without something of the same leaning to mystical guidances."

WHAT CLOTILDE IS GOING TO COST FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Continental Review* says: "Let me give you some interesting details of their marriage contract which have reached me. The Emperor Napoleon has given to his cousin, the Prince Napoleon, the sum of 100,000 francs (£4000) as *vestiaire*. The value of the trousseau given by the King of Sardinia to his daughter, amounts to 150,000 francs (£6000), without counting 500,000 francs (£20,000) pin-money voted by the Sardinian Parliament in favor of the Princess. A further sum of 350,000 francs (£14,000) in family jewels is accorded in the contract to the bride, and the Emperor assures her a jointure of 200,000 francs (£8000) in the case of her becoming a widow without children, with the option of enjoying this jointure abroad. As for the bridegroom, our Corps Legislatif is at this moment occupied in augmenting the amount of his little income, and people grumbled when poor Louis Philippe, *le bon père de famille*, thought of dowries for his children!"

PAUL MORPHY'S CAMPAIGN.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "Paul Morphy is still sojourning in Paris, waiting for other chess warriors to 'turn up,' that he may have the gratification of quickly beating them *with their own weapons*. In a previous letter I mentioned a number of games he has lately played with M. Alphonse Delannoy, giving the odds of a knight. One of the most brilliant and beautiful of them I append, adding also one of three blindfold games, played last week by Mr. Morphy, at the house of the Duke Decazes, with whom he had been invited to dine. Some twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen were present at the dinner, among the number being several fine chess-players. All joined in entreating the youthful American to exhibit his well-known powers, to which he readily consented. One game was first played, which Mr. Morphy won in a few moves. It was then proposed that he should conduct two others at the same time. The adversaries selected were Messrs. Lacoste, formerly Prefect of one of the Departments, now a member of the Corps Legislatif, and General Busserolles, a Senator. Both these gentlemen are distinguished chess-players. The boards were accordingly placed, Mr. Morphy being seated at some distance, with his back turned toward his adversaries. The moves on both sides were called aloud by Mr. Lequesne, the distinguished sculptor, who lately executed a fine bust of the young chess-king. During the time occupied in playing these games Mr. Morphy *sustained an animated conversation* with Madame Decazes and several other ladies and gentlemen. Both games were won by him."

JEALOUSY, REVENGE, AND MURDER.

We read in *Galignani*: "A crowd lately assembled in front of a hatter's shop in the Rue Lafitte, and on inquiry it turned out that it was occasioned by an elegantly-dressed female having attempted to stab, with a large poniard knife, an Italian gentleman whom she had followed into the shop from the boulevard. The female having been arrested was conveyed before the commissary of police of the district, and the gentleman accompanied her there. She then related this tale: Some years ago the man was a Capuchin monk in a monastery in Italy, but having taken such a life in disgust, he abandoned the religious house. He afterward formed an intimate connection with her, and they lived together for nearly seven years. Two months ago he abandoned her, without resources, came to Paris, and took up his residence in the Rue de Berlin. Having found out his address, she wrote him several letters from Italy, entreating him to return to her, and threatening him with vengeance if he did not; but he returned no answer. She then determined on coming to Paris, and, in order to raise the necessary funds, she sold off nearly all she possessed. On arriving in Paris, she had only about sixty francs, and she at once spent nearly the whole of that sum in the purchase of a poniard knife. Having learned that he was accustomed to stroll on the Boulevard des Italiens, she went there, and soon saw him walking with a friend. She followed him, and he, to avoid a scene in the street, went into a hatter's shop where he was known, and she followed him. She did not deny that, after some reproaches, she had pulled the poniard from her muff, and had raised it at the man's breast; she, however, declared that she had only intended to frighten him. The man, on the contrary, said that she had really attempted to stab him, and that in raising his hand to ward off the blow he had been cut in the hand. He also said that it was not without difficulty that the weapon was wrested from the woman, and that in doing so she likewise was cut. The woman accused the man of having taken from her 12,000 francs. He, however, not only denied the truth of the accusation, but said that he had spent more than 200,000 francs upon her, and that it was to avoid complete ruin that he had left her. The woman was sent to the Prefecture of Police."

A BURIAL MISTAKE.

About the end of last month the following singular mistake was made at Dole, France: Two persons had died at the hospital of that town, and were to be buried at the same time. The deceased were a young girl and a soldier of the garrison. Both coffins being placed alongside of each other, they were so confounded that the young girl was accompanied to her last home by a platoon of dragoons, with military honors; while the young soldier, covered with a white pall of flowers—pious emblems of purity and innocence—was borne on four feminine shoulders, and followed by a procession of young girls reciting prayers.

INCIDENTS OF THE WASHINGTON BALL.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "The ball passed off without the least accident to mar the general satisfaction. I should mention, however, that I met one of my colleagues who was furious because some attaché of an outside legation had asked him who Washington was? adding that he had an indistinct recollection of having seen his name somewhere in history. I should not fail to mention also that an English earl, a well-known member of the House of Lords, who was stopping at the Hotel du Louvre, attempted—in disregard of all decency or good-breeding—to introduce to the ball a person whom his Lordship would not certainly dare to introduce into his own society in England."

AUSTRIA.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

It is stated from Vienna that the views of the Emperor had become determinedly warlike, and he was much embittered against France. The Cabinet of Vienna had agreed to maintain 150,000 men in Lombardy, and create fortifications in all directions. The Emperor proposed visiting Lombardy. Lord Cowley was expected to leave Vienna on the 5th inst. Several banquets, court and official, had been given in his honor. It was stated that his first interview with the Emperor was unsatisfactory; but, according to late telegrams, subsequent negotiations had led to hopes of a successful result. It was stated in military circles that the Archduke Albrecht and Baron Hess had been made Marshals.

HOLLAND.

SAD CONSEQUENCES OF PRIESTCRAFT.

There has been a sad scene of riot at Overyssel, in Holland. A Protestant woman, married to a Catholic, had stipulated that half the children should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, the other half as Protestants. She recently gave birth to twins. The priest refused to baptize the one if the other were consigned to heresy. "Both or neither," was his churlish reply. The poor mother yielded at last to the menaces of the priest and the entreaties of her husband, and consented that her infant babes should be baptized as members of a Church whose doctrines she regards as idolatrous. But the scandal had got wind. The people assaulted the priest and all the baptismal procession, and pelted them as they returned home. One of the infants was killed by a blow from one of these missiles, and the whole town is in an uproar.

ITALY.

DEATH OF AN ITALIAN PATRIOT.

A very painful sensation has been excited at Milan by the death, at the age of twenty-nine, of Signor Emilio Dandolo, son of the Count of that name. Signor Dandolo distinguished himself, in a manner worthy of the great name he bore, during the contests of 1848–'49. He was an officer of the Lombard Legion, and the close personal friend of Manara, who died in his arms during the heroic defense of Rome, in which that gallant Legion made its last sacrifices to the cause of Italian independence. When he was forced to lay down the sword, Signor Dandolo took up the pen for his country, and his book on the Lombard Legion and the Italian Revolution of 1849 has already achieved the rank of an authority. It was translated into English and published at London in 1850. The high qualities of Signor Dandolo made him the centre of many hopes for his countrymen in this new crisis of their history, and his death assumed something of the proportions of a national calamity.

His funeral took place on the 22d inst., and was most numerously attended, some accounts say by 10,000, others by as many as 15,000 persons. Among these were a great number of ladies, who walked together in a body 400 strong, nearly all in mourning. The bier was borne by friends of the deceased, some of whom had fought by his side. A large garland of white and red camelias, forming, with the leaves, the Italian tricolor, was laid upon his coffin, and, at that moment, according to one letter, the air resounded with shouts of "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Viva l'Independenza!*" The police did not offer any interference with the remarkable demonstration for which his funeral served as an occasion.

But numerous arrests and domiciliary visits took place in consequence immediately afterward, and numbers of prisoners were conducted to the Castle and delivered over to a military commission. Several persons, however, upon whom the Government intended to have laid hands, fortunately succeeded in making their escape.

INDIA.

THE END OF THE REBELLION.

A general order from the Governor-General contains the following:

"Lord Clyde announces that the campaign in which the troops under his immediate command have been engaged is closed, and that rebellion no longer exists in Oude."

On the application of Jung Bahadoor British troops had entered Nepaul, to assist in the reduction of the fugitive rebels. He had also issued a proclamation to the effect that he would surrender to the British Government all insurgents found within his territory. Sir Hugh Rose was making active preparations for the destruction of the forts in the possession of the Rohillas.

THE BATTLE OF RAPTEE.

Mr. Russell of the *Times* gives a graphic description of this battle. We make the following extract: "The Begum's guns had been sent up, and Mohundie Hoosein was doing his best for his friends. Our guns were not up. The enemy on the right had got over, and were collecting on the other side of the rapid river, under cover of their guns. Meanwhile the squadron under Frazer, on the left, having a greater space to go over, had not got so close to the river at that point where the jungle joined its course. The enemy, headed by the Rifles through the jungle and cut off on the right, were all crowding in dismay toward the narrow point where there was a ford to the left. The Hussars and Punjaubees on the right were at once wheeled round, and, running the gauntlet of the enemy's guns all along the bank of the river, galloped as hard as they could to assist the squadron on the left. As Frazer's men saw they were gaining on the enemy, and that a river ran before them, they gave one ringing cheer, sat down in their saddles, and rushed along as fast, fierce, and strong as the Raptee itself. "Steady men, steady!" It is in vain, the thunder of horses' hoofs, the lightning of battle, roll and flash along. Sir William Russell, galloping as hard as he can, tries to come up on their right; but even his long-legged horse can not catch the troopers up.

"The Raptee, now at its lowest, is a very clear, rapid, mountain river, with low banks, between which are beds of sand deposited by the torrents which descend from the hills during the rains. Its course is exceedingly tortuous, and we know little of its direction, or of the fords. The pace quickens as we close upon the enemy, but the Sowars are well mounted, and ride well. The mass of the enemy dash over the bank, over the sands and boulders, and right into the current.

INTO THE RIVER.

"In a cascade of white the Sowars precipitate themselves into the waters of the Raptee. At the sight our Hussars give one more wild cry, and in an instant they are engaged with them in the river. Not a man could be held, each went straight at an enemy. Their horses flounder amidst the rocks, but the Hussars hold their own. They cut down the Sowars as they are struggling in the whirling stream, and charge them in the ford. It was one of those wonderful spectacles only to be seen in actual war, and of which peace has no counterpart—here men and horses swimming for their lives, their fierce hand-to-hand conflicts between Sowars and Hussars in the foaming water; but the river was our most formidable foe. Poor Major Horne, a most kind-hearted, excellent old soldier, overturned with his horse in the river, was rolled over, swept away, and was drowned. Captain Stisted, carried away by the stream, was only saved by the activity and presence of mind of Major Frazer, his comrade, who pulled off his coat and plunged into the river just in time to carry his friend, with a spark of his life unextinguished, to the bank. The river was full of struggling men and horses, and some forty or fifty of the enemy were swimming for their lives, but the rest were beneath the waters or were riding across the other bank. Our men had ridden thirty miles. They were exhausted, and so were the horses, and so at one o'clock the cavalry fell back, marched through the jungle, and joining the rest of the expedition, found their tents pitched and baggage up at Baukee in their rear at three o'clock on the 31st."

THE BATTLE-FIELD AND THE VULTURES.

The next day he rode over the battle-field, and writes: "The bodies of those slain lay torn and dismembered by wild beasts in the jungle. One gray-headed old artilleryman, who had stuck too long by his gun, had the top of his head carried clean away. In his dotie a purse containing a gold mohur and 54 rupees was found by a soldier. The horrid vultures were picking and pecking at the dead—veritable epicures in their own dreadful fashion, and ran away, with fetid wings outspread, too gorged and heavy for flight, as we disturbed them. These corpses lay amidst wild flowers, on the richest beds of green. I remembered Inkerman, where I saw a bunch of violets growing through the jawbones of a skull. A mile or so beyond the belt of jungle, which consisted of fine saul or saal trees, and others to me unknown, laced by long creepers, and fenced by bitter trailing thorns, extended the undulating plain, beyond which flowed the Raptee, its course marked by a broad forest, which spread away to the foot of the mountains. These rose in broad sloping slabs, covered with trees to high serrated table-lands, above which a more distant range of similar formation came in view, and over it again the peaks of the snowy range, beyond which neither Huc nor Russian tea-merchant has ever set foot. The Raptee had hurried away all traces of its fight with Sowar and Hussar. As I rode up to the high bank an alligator flopped into the river from one of those resting-places, and cleft the water upward in rapid flight, and two gaunt wolves started lower down out of the brushwood, and dashed off toward the long grass on the verge of an island.

THE LADIES WHO ESCAPED THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

"Some time ago a statement respecting the massacres in India appeared in the columns of a morning paper, purporting to be the work of a lady. As there was a very great appearance of earnestness in the paper, I asked a friend, whose position on the spot gave him the best opportunity of ascertaining the truth of the stories related by the writer, and his inquiries have in some instances led to results which corroborated, and in others refuted, the writer. The survivor of the Cawnpore (first) massacre alluded to is the daughter of a clerk, and is, I believe, a Eurasian, or has some Eurasian blood in her veins. It would be cruel to give her name, though the shame is not hers. She was obliged to travel about with a Sowar, and to escape persecution became a Mohammedan. It is this unhappy girl whose narrative appeared in the *Times*; she is at Calcutta, and the reports of her insanity are false. The next person referred to is a girl of thirteen. Her name is Georgiana Anderson; she lived at Humerpore. All her relations were murdered, and she received a sword-cut on the shoulder, but a native doctor took care of her, and she was sent safely into Cawnpore. At present she lives with her grandmother at Monghyr. She has no scar except from the sword-cut, and that is a small one. No other injury was offered to her, and she received great kindness from some of the natives for several weeks. It is quite true that about twelve natives were mutilated by the Nena's orders for having brought supplies to our camp. Some had noses cut off, some one hand, others noses and one hand. They presented themselves at Cawnpore, and they have received pensions for life from our Government. Major Williams is now sifting the evidence of a band-boy named Joseph Fitchrelt, who actually saw, he says, the massacre of July 15, 1857."

THE PURCHASE OF CUBA PICTORIALLY CONSIDERED,

AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE ACT APPROPRIATING THIRTY MILLIONS FOR THE PURPOSE, A.D. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND ????

1. Brother Jonathan proceeds to annex the lovely Miss Cuba, in obedience to the laws of manifest destiny.

2. The first consequence of the measure is an enormous increase in the size and number of the cigars smoked by Young America.

3. The market for young niggers is so tremendously affected that a couple of those interesting objects are sold for a cent, with guarantee.

4. Sugar and Molasses becoming dirt cheap, free lunches to small boys are given by enterprising and liberal grocers.

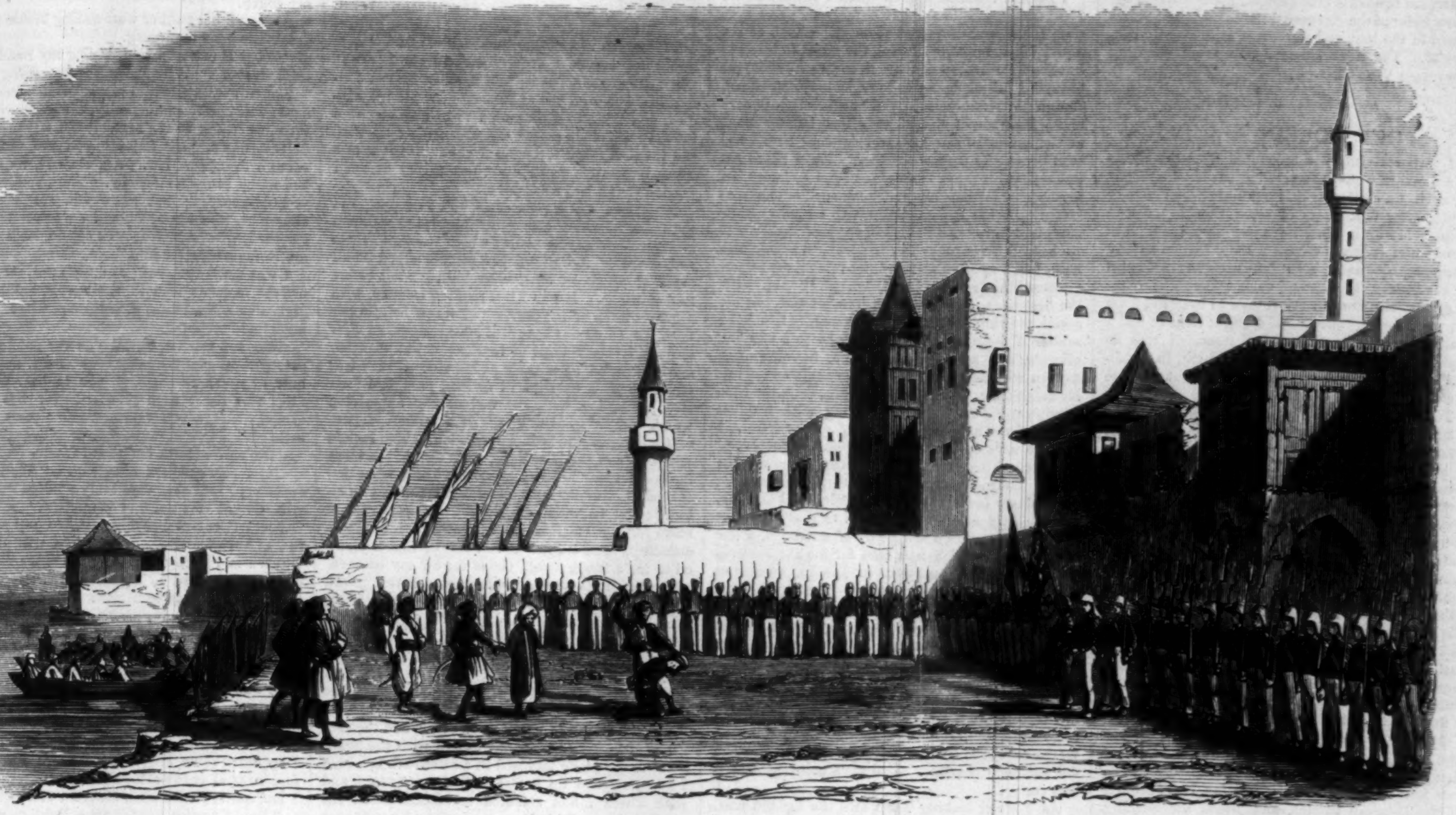
5. The United States Treasury, depleted by the transmission of $30,000,000 to Madrid, incontinently stops payment.

6. The Cuban Senators move that cigars be used in the Senate; which motion being carried, clouds of smoke obscure the deliberations of that venerable body.

7. The Juvenile American consoles himself by feasting gratuitously on bananas, oranges, and other tropical fruits.

8. And New York appreciates the change when bull-fights on Broadway become an established feature of the institutions of the city.

9. The only parties who complain are foreign nations, who vent their disgust in severe but harmless demonstrations.



THE EXECUTION OF THE MURDERERS AT DJEDDAH.

EXECUTION OF THE DJEDDAH MURDERERS.

WE gave in a recent number an illustration of the brutal and fanatic assault upon the Christians of Jidda or Djeddah by the Mussulmans of that place. Since then, it is known that the Christian Powers have insisted on the punishment of the murderers. The Emperor of the French, whom certain English and American publications delight to abuse, has been especially energetic in vindicating the Christian cause; mainly through his vigor the chief criminals were detected and punished.

It was on the 15th of June that the massacre of the Christians took place. On the 12th of January last the murderers were punished. The persons chosen to expiate the crime of the infidel populace were the chief of police of Djeddah, and one of the leading merchants of the place named Amondi, who had been particularly active in instigating the attack on the Christians. Both, in company with others, had been imprisoned some time before. The energy displayed by the British and French Consuls—a remarkable contrast, by-the-way, to the inefficient behavior of our representatives in Central and South America—had succeeded in forcing the judicial authorities at Djeddah to institute a thorough inquiry, and to pronounce a righteous sentence. Even after the sentence was determined, the authorities were so timid that it was kept a secret, and to the hour of their death the culprits did not know their fate.

It was just after daybreak, on the 12th of January, that the sentence of the law was carried into effect. French and English vessels lay anchored in the Bay, prepared to bombard the place in case of trickery on the part of the officials. Before daylight the two unfortunate men were led forth.

The first was the chief of police. He was led into the square. His sentence was read to him, and he was handed over to an Algerian, who was reported to be familiar with the use of the heavy sword used on such occasions. Whether his nerves were shaken, or he had falsely represented his ability, he did not sever the head of his victim from his trunk before the third stroke—thus inflicting, it is supposed, much needless suffering on the wretched man. The merchant was more fortunate. It is generally supposed that he had foreseen his doom, and that he had used a part of his large wealth to secure an executioner of undoubted skill. The investment was judicious. At one blow his head was severed from his trunk.

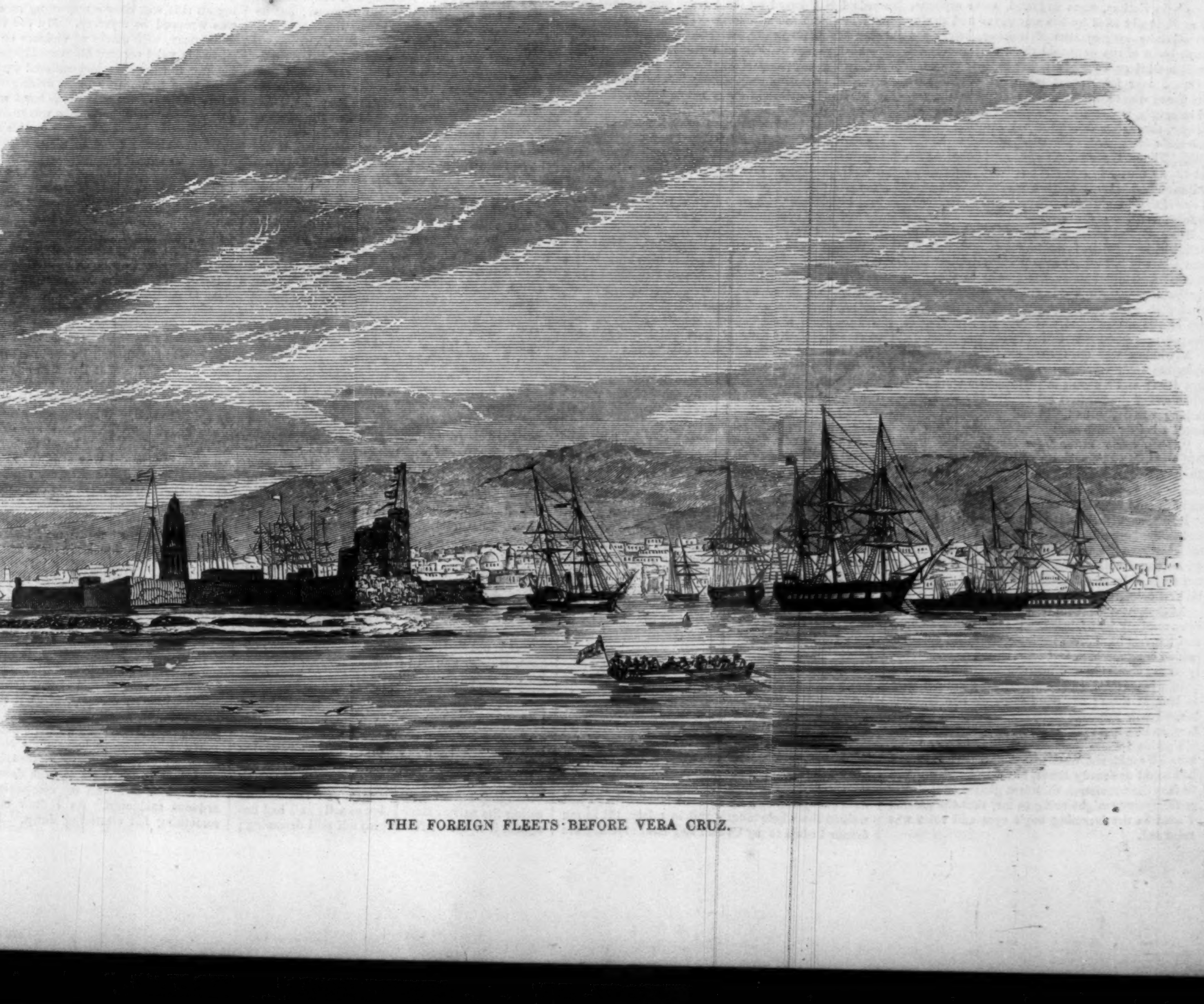
When the execution was over, the families of the culprits were notified that the bodies were at their disposal. Thus the injury of June has been avenged, and a lesson taught the fanatics of the East which will probably be of great service to Christian travelers hereafter.

THE FOREIGN SQUADRONS BEFORE VERA CRUZ.

As the condition of Mexico is attracting no ordinary attention at the present time, we give a picture of the Port of Vera Cruz with the British and French fleets riding at anchor in the harbor. The admirals, as is known, made certain demands upon the place, in default of compliance with which they threatened to bombard it. Offers were made by the Government which were deemed satisfactory.

Meanwhile, it is curious that the policy of the admirals at one time induced the English and French residents of Vera Cruz to desert their own allegiance and place themselves under the protection of the American flag. Such was the case. The greatest indignation at the conduct of the French and English representatives in Mexico appears to prevail among the mercantile men of Vera Cruz, and strong representations have been sent to Europe on the subject.

At latest dates from Vera Cruz the city was in a terrible state of confusion and alarm, Miramon's arrival being expected hourly. A thousand women and children left on 24th ult. for Alvarado. The British and French residents made application to the commanders of the allied squadrons to protect their lives and properties in the event of an attack upon the town, and ten men are said to have been told off for the protection of each house. The



THE FOREIGN FLEETS BEFORE VERA CRUZ.

American residents made similar application to the commander of the *Savannah*, the only United States vessel in the bay, and were, it is said, equally successful. The next steamer will bring startling news from Vera Cruz.

OUR COUSIN ALICE.

I HAD certainly not recovered from the effects of the severe wounds received in the battles fought between Cawnpore and Lucknow, when I met again, after four years of separation, my cousin Alice. My brain must have been less steady than usual; and it was perhaps a little turned by my being regarded as the hero of the little world, formed by the county families and early friends, who met to congratulate me on my return to England from the seat of war in the East. I ought to have had a mother to nurse me, but I had none. I was an orphan. Yet it was to the house which, in my father's lifetime, had been my home that I came back.

There was the great down, wooded nearly to the summit, which I remembered so well, where the coursing meetings used to be held. I could scarcely believe, as I entered the drawing-room before dinner, that the same party which had so often assembled for the great gatherings on Marley Down, were not drawn to the place now for the same purpose. But other customs prevailed. My young cousin, Sir Reginald Moore, was no sportsman. The sleek greyhounds had all disappeared; I missed them sorely. The old squire—my grandfather—had been dead more than a twelvemonth. His youngest and favorite son—my own parent—had gone before him to the grave. Our present host, the representative of the family, was a fair, pensive-looking youth of five-and-twenty, fond of poetry, accomplished, handsome, but with scarcely nerve enough to fire off a gun.

Our fair cousin, Alice Verschoyle, had always been a subject for contention between us. We had been jealous of her smiles in boyhood; as men, we were still more covetous of her favor. Through all the Crimean battles, and 'neath the burning Indian sun, in the perilous march with Havelock, and while I lay prostrated by illness after that fierce time of conflict was past, I had worn her picture next my heart. The case had turned away a ball that would else have pierced it.

There had been no avowed betrothal between us when we parted, but her fair form was pressed unresistingly in my arms, and she wept her long farewell on my shoulder. It was true that she called herself my sister in the letters she wrote to me, but I never acknowledged the relationship. Nothing but poverty stood between us then; and now I had risen in my profession. If I found her still in the same humor, and willing to share the vicissitudes of a soldier's lot, I meant to make her my bride. As I looked at her across the table—for we were not seated near each other—and saw a deep blush mount to her face beneath my ardent gaze, I believed that she would not refuse my petition.

Perhaps she thought me vain, for every one was calling upon me to tell the tale of our Indian battles. She did not look at me; her eyes were quite averted: but other women were weeping as I spoke of the noble patience of those heroic ladies, whose names will live in history for their gallant endurance of suffering at Lucknow. I had seen those pale victims, some widowed, some orphans, all most deeply tried by the privations and anxieties of those long months of waiting, before the heavy boom of the guns told them that our brave English soldiery were advancing to their rescue.

Can I ever forget that midnight evacuation! The dread silence, the long lines of troops, the awful intervals, where all our care could not prevent danger, through which those half-fainting women and their brave but exhausted defenders had to pass. Thank Heaven! all went well—that no accident, no untimely panic marred the plans of our gallant chief. Our triumph would have been scant if one of that heroic band had perished on their way to freedom!

Reginald had written some verses on the subject, which Alice had set to music. I had not seen a tear in her bright eyes previously, but they coursed each other down her cheeks as she sang my young cousin's words. I do not remember what they were, but I thought them scarcely worthy of the subject, and certainly undeserving of the precious drops they called forth.

A window was open near me, and I was out upon the terrace before the song was ended. It was dark; and a couple of persons who were seated on one of the benches set against the wall were talking earnestly, and did not perceive me. I heard a lady's voice say:

"When her mourning for her grandfather is laid aside, Miss Verschoyle will marry her cousin. Sir Reginald has one of the finest estates in this country. It will be an excellent match for her, and has been long contemplated by the family."

It was, nevertheless, the first time such a thought had entered my mind, and I was one of Alice's nearest relatives—too near, some persons might consider, for us to think of marrying; but, if it were so, the same objection applied to Reginald: we were all first cousins to each other.

At that moment there was a stir in the drawing-room: a lady had fainted. I saw her borne out, and the fair head with its long sweeping curls of golden brown, which had once rested so confidingly on my shoulder, was now supported by another arm. It was Alice and Reginald. I did not stay to look at them; one word from his lips reached me. I saw the look of intense agony on his fair face, so like her own, as he bent over the insensible girl. In one moment I knew that he loved her. I could not wait to see her eyes open. I had stood fire many times, but I had not courage to face the conviction that first glance of reviving consciousness might bring to me, that the passion I read in the dreaming boy's eyes and voice was returned.

I believe I was half mad when I rushed away. I had traveled night and day to meet her; as I have said, I had not recovered from the effects of the injury I had sustained during the street-fighting at Lucknow; when, in addition to severe wounds, the beam of a falling house had descended on my head, completely stunning me; and but for the gallantry of my comrades I should have been left for dead, at the mercy of our savage foes—and now I had seen her in the arms of another. I had heard her lips repeat his musical words; nay, I had seen her very senses forsake her under the spell of emotions raised by what appeared to me to be paltry commonplace lines. As I stood in the large hall where we had all three played as children, to which, as a man, I had so often pictured my return, the bitterest mortification took possession of my soul. For the first time, I remembered how inferior was my social position to that of my cousin. I, a mere soldier of fortune, who must return to a burning climate, and a country on which, henceforward, women will look with dread and aversion; while all around me, bathed in moonlight, from the high windows of that noble hall, hung with trophies of the chase and the banners of our ancestors, I saw the wide domain which belonged to the young baronet. Those were his deer trooping under the trees. The magnificent cedars grouped in the midst of the dewy lawn, the spreading elms and beeches, the majestic oaks—all belonged to that beardless boy. What were a few years of manhood, a few daring deeds which had won for me the rewards which a soldier covets—the medals and crosses at which she had scarcely glanced—compared to his advantages!

As I went up the stairs, each step awoke painful recollections. We had come down them together on the morning when I left home to rejoin my regiment, then just ordered on active service. Here, at the landing, we paused long, while she gave me her picture, and, after some hesitation, the chain of golden hair that still supported it. Had it been woven for me? Alice would not confess, but she did not deny the fact. I always believed that it was so.

As I stood looking down into the lighted hall, two persons came into it together. Alice seemed well, and scarcely to need the support of Reginald's arm, on which she was leaning. I heard him say:

"Is it so, Alice? Have you quite decided? Will you never repent, and wish to draw back from the words you have spoken to-night?"

He took her hand and looked in her fair face with mournful tenderness. I did not wait to hear her answer. I could not control myself sufficiently to move away quietly. As I looked down upon them for the last time, I saw that Alice had started from her companion, and was gazing upward; I even fancied that she called me, but I did not return or answer her. Better for all of us would it have been if I had heeded that sweet warning-voice.

I rushed to my room at once, and for hours I walked up and down, passion swelling within me like the surging sea. Then for a short time my mood changed, my suspicions seemed unfounded. I recalled Alice's joy at seeing me again; the soft, broken words of delight she had uttered when I came upon her by surprise in the park; our long pleasant walk together, so full of old recollections and present confidences. If no plighted vows had been exchanged, it was because we both had long known that we were pledged to each other. The words I had heard on the terrace now seemed to me idle gossip, mere nonsense. The morning would bring her again before me, bright, beautiful, and truthful as ever. For an instant the demon of jealousy stood rebuked; but again and again he returned, maddening my already fevered brain and overworked frame, till every nerve quivered with excitement.

The same images haunted me when, at last, I lay down, exhausted by fatigue, but deeming it impossible to sleep, just as a dull gray haze spread over the landscape, obscuring the moonlight which was soon to give place to the dawn. The last thing that I remember was the swaying of the fir-tops as the old trees opposite to my open window rocked to the blast.

When I woke it was broad daylight. The sun was shining in, tempered by silken hangings, that waved in the fresh breeze. A part of each of the shutters was closed, and the room, considering that the morning was so brilliantly fine out of doors, was somewhat shaded and darkened. I very faintly recollected the train of ideas which had so tortured me ere I lay down; but an impatient feeling, such as might visit a sufferer from long sickness or a prisoner, assailed me. I tried to start up from my couch, but a strange feeling of weakness, like what I had experienced when I was first wounded, came over me, and I fell back again.

As I moved, a woman-servant stepped forward quickly, and in gentle, measured tones, spoke to me. I did not understand a word of what she said; a mist came before my eyes, her voice rang indistinctly in my ears, a horrible, sickening dread came over me—images of horror seemed to fill the room, and I fainted. When I revived, my mind was clear; the spectral forms which had flashed across my vision became distinct, and I recognized them as shapes in a dream. I felt that I was ill and weak, and as I, the once strong man, lay prostrate, incapable of moving, I thanked my God for the helplessness which it might be had saved me from such guilt as in the visions of the night had been mine.

I do no know whether, at that moment, any one was watching by me. The person or persons in the room, if it were so, must have been very quiet, for not a sound disturbed me as I recalled the images which had been present with me in that fevered dream. The room I was in was one that I knew well, and outside the window ran a narrow ledge of ornamental stone-work, which went along the entire front of that old house. It was barely wide enough to step upon, yet I fancied that I had walked the whole length of it in safety, till in my dream I came to my Cousin Reginald's room. He was now the master of the house, and slept in what had once been my grandfather's apartment. When I was a boy, the kind old man had had an illness, during which my mother nursed him; and the severest reprimand I ever received from her was when one of the servants told her that Master Hubert had got upon the stone ledge outside his window, and tried to walk round to one that opened into the chamber where she was sitting up with the invalid. My father said then that it was a thing impossible to be done, but in my dream I fancied that I had achieved it.

My cousin was a painter as well as a poet, and the room in which I imagined him lying was full of indications of his tastes, which were all gentle and refined. A half-finished picture stood on an easel, at which he must have been gazing before he fell asleep. It was Alice reading a letter, with a bright flush of happiness and warm love in her face. A small but beautiful statue, modeled after some old classic ideal of loveliness, but with her features, stood on a table at his elbow. He was stretched on a couch, still dressed as I had seen him, calm, but with the melancholy expression which was habitual to him. His delicate, aristocratic features and pale complexion, which looked yet whiter in the lamplight, were almost feminine in their regular beauty. I do not know what disturbed his slumbers, for all passed dreamlike in silence; but he woke, and, rising up, appeared to come forward to close the window at which I was standing. The ledge was so narrow, that it seemed to me a touch would throw me off my balance, and precipitate me many fathoms to the paved court below. The instinct of self-preservation, mingled with a strong antagonistic feeling, arose within me as my rival approached. I grasped the stanchion of the window, and sprang into the room.

Some kind of misty indistinct recollections came next of a conflict between us, in which passes were made, the statuette was thrown down, and the canvas of the picture pierced through with the sharp point of the blade inclosed in a sword-stick, which I had snatched up before leaving my room, and with which I had steadied my footsteps on the giddy ledge. I felt the excitement of battle once more, the fierce rising of blood-thirsty passion. Though no words were exchanged, we seemed to know that we were rivals, and that a death-struggle was passing between us.

How it ended I knew not. At this point my sleep must have been interrupted, for I remembered no more of my dream, which chilled me as I recalled it. I did not mention it to any human being during my slow recovery, and few words were spoken in my presence. I had been dangerously ill for many weeks, which had passed in the delirium caused by brain fever. My wounds had reopened, and the greatest caution was necessary; above all things, the mention of any agitating topic had been prohibited.

I began to think that my jealous surmises were unfounded, when I woke up night after night and found Alice watching over me. The attendant slumbered in her chair unchidden, while my true love waited upon me. Sometimes her kind, gentle mother would call her away, and say that she overtaxed her strength, but Alice would come back again at the same hour the next night.

The horrid dream which had followed my access of jealous fury returned again and again. I rejoiced that Alice's sweet face was beside my pillow when I woke from it. Nothing evil could remain near her, and the bad spirit was rebuked; but he took possession of my senses in her absence, bringing forever before me that accursed vision.

I thought that the house seemed singularly quiet, and that my nurses were all grave, even sad, in their demeanor; but this was probably occasioned by the precariousness of my situation. Alice, in her white, flowing robes, looked almost spectral; but I trusted that, with returning health, I should see her under happier auspices, and, if she grieved for me, her pale, dejected face did not appear less lovely than when she smiled upon me on my return.

No rival came between us now. My sick-chamber was visited only by the physicians, and by those whose especial task it was to wait upon me. Not a breath of what was passing without reached me. I felt surprised that my cousin Reginald, for whom I was once more beginning to entertain affection, never came to see me; but pride restrained the inquiry which often rose to my lips.

Once, when I casually mentioned his name, Alice looked troubled; a deep shade crossed her fair brow; her bright eyes filled with tears.

"Do not let us speak of any one but ourselves," she said, softly. "This is my world. It may be selfishness, but I can not interest myself in any thing that goes forward outside of these closed doors till you are well enough to leave this chamber of sickness, and share the pains and pleasures of this changeful world with me. Think how bright every thing looked when you returned from abroad, and how little we thought what a day, even an hour, might bring forth!"

I could not quarrel with her answer, though I strove to chase away the tears that followed it, and lead her thoughts to brighter prospects. When I spoke of returning with her to the East, she looked at me sadly. I thought that she doubted whether I should ever recover sufficiently to resume the duties of my profession, though I assured her that I already felt much stronger and better.

"It is not that," she said, hesitatingly. "Perhaps, Hubert, you will never need to go to India. Do not question me. I ought not to have said even this much; but there have been changes among us since you have been ill. It is so hard to dissemble with you!"

Her mother's entrance prevented the revelation that was quivering on her lips; but my curiosity was roused. The next day I rose, to try my strength, and walked to the window. Of late the vision had not come so strongly, and I started at seeing the narrow stone ledge exactly as I had imagined it to be. I fancied myself still dreaming; and, tired by this slight exertion, I crept back to my couch.

Alice and her mother were sitting beside my bed dressed in deep mourning.

"What is this?" I said, laying my hand on her *crêpe* sleeve. "Why are you in mourning?"

She threw herself into my arms and wept. My aunt, who had risen hurriedly, came toward us and drew me nearer to the sofa.

"Sit down, poor fellow! you are not strong enough to support her. Ah, Hubert, we have all had much cause for sorrow. The shock will find you unprepared; but since you are once more among us, it can not be kept from you. My nephew, Sir Reginald Moore, your cousin, is dead! We are in mourning for him."

I was deeply grieved; and my aunt, seeing that for the moment I could not speak, said, with a glance at Alice, whose countenance was hidden on my arm:

"Do not ask me to tell you the particulars at present. I doubt whether we could, any of us, bear to speak of them, or you to hear what has filled this house with grief. Never was there a kinder heart, a better master—so young, too—so beloved."

Alice's sobs shook her slight frame.

Her mother paused abruptly. "We must not speak of it," she said, decisively; "Mr. Verschoyle will tell you this sad tale to-morrow."

I was silent at her bidding, but my mind was full of surprise and sorrow. The wild dream in which I had seemed to myself to enter Reginald's chamber recurred to my thoughts. It appeared to have been a presentiment of the coming woe; and I remembered with deep regret the unkind thoughts toward my cousin which I had entertained when I saw him—how little either of us supposed that it was for the last time.

It was quite impossible that we should, any of us, turn our thoughts from this painful subject. I did not remain in the room long; and when my uncle, seeing how greatly fatigued and depressed I appeared to be, offered me his arm, I accepted it, and went at once back to the sick chamber, which I had quitted with such different feelings.

The old butler handed us a light as we passed through the hall, saying gravely: "I am glad to see you able to get about, Sir Hubert."

I staggered as he spoke. The words seemed to pierce through and through me. Strange as it may seem, it had not, in the surprise of hearing of my cousin's death, occurred to me that I was his heir. He was so much younger than myself; I had always considered that he was certain to marry, and would in all probability survive me; never had my thoughts rested on the possibility of my inheriting his rights!

My uncle saw how much I was distressed. "Servants never miss an opportunity of addressing a person by his title," he said, bitterly. "Even that old fellow who knew poor Reginald in his cradle! But surely, my dear Hubert, you must know that you are now the head of our family."

"I had not thought of it," I said, moving on with difficulty. "I do not think that my brain has been quite steady for some time—every thing seems to reel before my eyes. Come to my room; I can not sleep till you have told me how my poor young cousin died."

I believe that my uncle exercised great caution in what he imparted to me, but I scarcely remember what words he used. He tried very hard to dissuade me from listening, but I insisted on hearing all that was known respecting an event which was wrapped in mystery. My cousin had been found dead, with marks of violence on his person, when his valet entered his room one morning during my illness. He had suffered very much for some time from low spirits, arising from Alice's having rejected the offer of his hand which he had repeatedly made to her. She was so dreadfully affected by the idea that despair on this account had led him to put an end to his existence, that the subject was most carefully avoided in her presence. At first, it had been imagined that robbers had entered the house, which was known to contain much valuable plate and jewelry. There were some indications of this having been the case, but neither Sir Reginald's purse nor his watch, which were on the table, had been taken, and the most strenuous search and sedulous inquiries had failed in eliciting the fact of any burglars having been in the neighborhood. Nothing had been left undone or untried, and the conclusion at which the family had arrived was a most painful one. It was thought best to let the matter drop.

I listened as though I were in a dream, but not the slightest idea that I was in any way connected with this sad and strange event occurred to me. My uncle staid with me for some time, but I scarcely spoke to him. When he was gone, I lay down, quite exhausted with fatigue, and slept.

The agitation which I had undergone brought on a relapse, and I was confined to my room for weeks. When I recovered my senses—for during the whole time my brain was confused and weak—cheerful images surrounded me. My relatives had been advised by the physicians to lay aside their mourning, and all mention of melancholy topics was forbidden. I took my place among them once more, gradually resuming my former habits, and at length growing accustomed to the change produced in them by my being treated as the master of the house.

My engagement to Alice was now universally known and acknowledged. Her parents acquiesced in it, and no objection was made to my wish that our marriage should be speedily solemnized. Her health was shaken, and it was considered that it would be better for both of us if the tie was cemented without unnecessary delay. There was no great preparation. All passed quietly.

We were to leave home for a short time; and while my bride was bidding farewell to her mother, I went to my room to fetch down a traveling-cloak which had been my companion in many an arduous campaign. As I drew it off the hook something fell clattering down. I stooped and

picked up the sword-stick which had done me good service in the dark streets of Constantinople among the drunken Bashi-Bazouks and thieving Greeks. The sight of the weapon recalled the dream which I had had when I was first taken ill—I had forgotten it lately. Reginald's dimly-lighted room, the poor, graceful youth reclining among works of art, with the pale gleam of the night-lamp shining on his handsome face. I shuddered, and was about to put aside the sword-stick, when some involuntary impulse made me try to unsheath it. The blade was rusted in the scabbard, and would not come forth. My hands trembled; I was forced to lean against the wall; when at last, with a more vigorous effort, I succeeded, and saw a dull red stain upon the blue sheen of the polished steel.

At that moment my name was called. I threw the weapon back into the closet from which I had taken it, and hurried down. The carriage was at the door; Alice was shedding her parting tears on her mother's shoulder. The postillions were restraining with difficulty their impatient horses. Every one was crowding round us with congratulations and good wishes. I paused one moment on the threshold. Should I reveal the dark thoughts passing through my mind? After all, what were they? Mere vague surmises, based upon the airy fabric of a dream; while before me was life—real, palpable happiness. I drew Alice away from her parents, impatiently, but with tenderness, lifted her into the carriage; and the next moment the ancestral oaks and beeches, the peaked roofs of the old hall, were fast fading from our view.

A month passed quickly with us. I think, I believe, that Alice was happy. For myself, I can not tell. I seemed to live in a dream, less real than the accursed vision which, day and night, was present to my eyes. If I slept I started up, imagining myself walking along that giddy ledge, steadying myself by the aid of a weapon down which blood was slowly dropping. My wife imagined that the nervous starts and tremors which often shook my frame were the remains of my long illness. All that was soothing and gentle lay in her voice and manner; yet their very sweetness tortured me when the thought was roused that I had done a deed for which my life might be the forfeit. Must I lose her?

Never was this sensation stronger than when we drove up the long avenue leading to our home. There were her parents, whom I regarded as my own now; the old servants, who had known us from infancy. Must I stand before them as a culprit—a murderer? Would any one believe that I had done this most vile deed in my sleep—unconsciously—I, who had profited so largely by my cousin's death? and yet could the tortures of the prisoner in his condemned cell be greater than I must endure if I lived among them bearing the weight of such a burden on my heart? Could I hide it from Alice—from those who sat at the same table with me, and were so near me in blood?

As I crossed the threshold, even while Alice was blushingly receiving her parents' kisses and congratulations, my resolve was made, and before nightfall, put in practice. Nothing could exceed the surprise of my relatives when, after hurriedly opening the letters that awaited my return, I said that in one of them my immediate presence in London was required. There was but just time to catch the train at the next station. I took nothing with me but a change of clothes, and the sword-stick, which had lain unnoticed in the dark corner to which I had consigned it; and, declining Alice's offer to accompany me, I left her with her parents, and was soon traveling through the soft darkness of the summer night, alone—perhaps, it might be, exercising for the last time the privileges of freedom.

I did not follow the route I had marked out, but, after the first mile, I directed the coachman to turn his horses' heads, and drive me to the house of the nearest county magistrate. He was an old friend of our family, and nothing could exceed his distress when I made known my errand. In vain he argued with me that the impression on which I was acting had been formed under the influence of delirium. I showed him the weapon with the stain of blood upon the blade, and surrendered my person into his hands, desiring that the fullest and most complete investigation might take place.

I now heard for the first time the exact particulars of the state in which Sir Reginald Moore was found when his servant entered the room the morning after his death. There could be no doubt that it had been brought about by violent means, but whether his own hand or that of a murderer had put an end to his life, had never been ascertained. Every circumstance corresponded with the images in the dream, as I had for some time imagined it to be, which had shown me his last moments. The absence of the weapon which had caused his death fearfully corroborated the idea I had lately entertained. There had been marks, my old friend was forced to confess, of some person or persons having entered the room by the window, which was standing open, but this was contradicted by there being no footprints on the border beneath; and the impression was that Sir Reginald had himself thrown away the weapon which had inflicted that fatal wound. Search had been made for it, however, in vain.

Though my version of the story was almost incredible—in spite of the many circumstances which told against me—my countrymen believed it. My having voluntarily surrendered to take my trial, at the moment which should have been one of the happiest of my life, was regarded as a strong proof that my guilt was not premeditated. No waking man, it was decided, could have passed to and fro in safety along that dizzy ledge. I certainly could not have done it again. Then the long illness, during which my brain was affected, beginning that very night; the wounds, still unhealed, received in my country's battles, made that English jury regard it as impossible that the officer before them, with the Victoria Cross and Crimean clasps and medals on his breast, could be a cold-blooded murderer. Those twelve honest men judged me by the dictates of their own noble hearts, and, after a short consultation, unanimously acquitted me.

But I had been arraigned before a severer tribunal, which was still unsatisfied. The revengeful, passionate impulses which maddened me on that night—which turned my brain, and made me pass in sleep that fearful Rubicon which divides guilt from innocence—were still remembered, and filled me with remorse; for me, the gifts of wealth and happiness seemed too rich a boon. How could I enjoy life under the shadow of the woods that once were *his*, or revisit the scene of that dreadful deed—the property of the fine young fellow whom I had deprived of life? Better, as it seemed to me, to be separated from all I loved, and perish—as the men of my old regiment were perishing day by day—a victim to sun-stroke and disease, on the burning soil of India—than profit by the untimely death of Reginald Moore!

My preparations were made silently. I did not mention even to my wife the resolution I had formed when, after the trial was over, she pressed me to return to our home. The command of my regiment had been kept open for me till the last moment. I took my passage in the *Indus*, resolved to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded for wiping off the stigma which, in spite of the acquittal of my countrymen, still weighed me down. It was only after I had received notice that the vessel would sail in a few days, that I told Alice I was about to leave her.

"No, Hubert," she said, gently; "I am a better dissembler than yourself. I have guessed your intention; a word spoken in sleep revealed it to me. I have been as busy as yourself the last few weeks, only you have not had time to notice it. I mean to accompany you to India."

Alice was not less firm than myself, and her cause was a better one. Her parents, too, much as it grieved them to part with her, supported her arguments. How it might have been if I had been separated from her, I know not, for my mind was disturbed, my health much shattered; but her care of me during that long voyage restored me to vigor and tranquillity. When we landed at Calcutta, I was in all respects equal to the fulfillment of the duties of my profession.

We have been parted for many months now, but fortune favors me, and I look forward at the end of the campaign to our reunion. The morbid agonies of remorse, from which I suffered so much, no longer distract me. I feel that I am not responsible for an action committed when my senses were not under the control of reason. The stirring scenes in which I have played a not inglorious part have restrung my nerves and invigorated my constitution. In the heat of battle, I have been unscathed; in the burning jungles and aguish swamps, I have watched and slept unharmed. This new year, it is said, will see the termination of active warfare; and, when peace is proclaimed, I shall lay down my sword, and return with my sweet, heroic, patient wife to England, satisfied that manly, arduous exertion, and the remembrance of that providential care which guarded the soldier in the battle, will enable me to struggle with the phantoms which at one time threatened to haunt our pleasant home.

As I look across the devastated fields, black and bare as if swarms of locusts had passed over them—as the smoke mounts to the lurid sky of burning villages, set on fire by accident or design, in the wake of the army, despite the stern edicts of our gallant commander-in-chief, and the vigilance of the provost-martial—England, with its smiling, peaceful homes, rises before me. I see the old house under Marley Down smiling a welcome to me; and I hear, instead of the shrill réveille and the dropping shots, the cheerful cawing of the rooks in the elm-trees, and the bark of the old squire's harriers, as the pack bursts from the kennel.

WILLIE'S TROUBLES.

WILLIE did have troubles; he thought he did, any way; and I suppose "three-year-old" troubles are just as hard to bear as thirty-year-old trials. To be sure Aunt Abby, sitting on the porch, in the shade of the grape-vine, this fine summer morning, was saying to herself, "Ah! Willie's seeing his happiest days now!" as she watched him coming up the long path from the poultry-yard. But Aunt Abby didn't know every thing. *He* knew well enough that he had been grievously ill-treated, and his big blue eyes were full of tears that he tried to wipe away with his little fat hand. He had wandered off to see some wee, white, soft, little balls of chickens; carrying a piece of cake that Margaret—or "Marget," as he called her—had given him. While he was busy looking at them as they followed the old hen about, the tall Shanghai, known as the "big rooster," walked up deliberately and took the cake out of Willie's hand; then putting his long legs one before the other, until they looked like *x*'s, in motion, off went the filibuster, leaving Willie looking at his empty hand in astonishment. This was what he was half-crying, half-grumbling, and wholly grieving about as he trotted toward home. Great additions to his troubles were the limp state of his sun bonnet and a gravel stone in his shoe. So he was thoroughly miserable until good Aunt Abby had bathed his face and changed his shoes, and "Marget" had brought a bowl of bread and milk to comfort him. Then mamma came home, and he sat on her lap until he went to sleep, and dreamed a red rooster, with a limp sun bonnet on its head, was eating bread and milk out of his bowl.

Like those of children of a larger growth, many of Willie's vexations were the result of his going out of the right path. Thus it happened that he was "so frightened in the lane" when he was about four years old. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the hay-makers had gone down the hill, through the lane, and over to the "back meadows," their shining scythes glittering in the distance. Willie's father too had gone; his broad straw hat you could yet see far away. The cows had been milked, and they too had gone "down the lane." So to Willie it seemed that all the world was going that way, and he might as well try the same path. So off he started; stopping a little while to look through the rail-fence at the corn, which was not quite as tall as himself now; then he sauntered slowly along, until he found himself almost by the bridge over the little stream, pulling off the heads of the daisies by the way and talking to himself. He was getting pretty tired now, and the back meadow seemed to stretch out farther and farther away. The sun was hot, and he began to look backward and upward, but the steep hill hid his home from sight. To add to the fears that now began to assail him, he saw "Tear-us" coming down the hill.

"Tear-us" was Marget's corruption of "Taurus," as Willie's father was wont to call a mischievous young bull, a year or two old, who roamed at will from the barn-yard to the fields. When he saw Willie he stopped to look at him in a quizzical way, as much as to say, "What are you doing here?" I don't suppose he would have hurt him any way, but Willie didn't know; so he screamed out "Marget!" ever so many times, and every time Tear-us would bellow at him.

Marget was washing the churn-lid, and had just hung the clean white milk dasher up in the limbs of the cherry-tree to dry, when she heard faintly the strange sounds. Giving her old hood an energetic pull over her eyes, and saying to herself, "Sakes alive, if I don't bleeve that Tear-us is after our baby!" off she started, catching up a broom as she went; Carlo, who was asleep on the porch, was up and after her in a moment, wide awake, and ready to fly at any thing that Marget directed. It did not take her long to catch sight of the animal, who was now putting his head down in a very threatening way; but it *was* some time before she could see Willie, who was cowering in an angle of the fence. A stray sunbeam glanced from the steel buckle on his hat, and then she knew how matters stood. In three minutes more she had him in her arms, while "Tear-us" was trying to punish Carlo, who jumped around him too nimbly to be caught.

Ah! Willie thought he had troubles enough that day; for the afternoon proved no more fortunate than the morning had been. After dinner was over, and he was somewhat rested from his fatigue, he dug a well about four inches deep, of very uncertain circumference, in full faith that he was doing it like a mason. But when, with much vexation of spirit, he carried a cupful of water to fill it, and found the thirsty earth drank it up, and that after a third cupful—brought the weary length of the plank-walk—it was only a mud hole, he gave up in despair, sat down under the old apple-tree, and cried. His hands and clothes being somewhat earthy in consequence of his "grubbing," and the said hands being lifted to wipe away the tears from his cheeks, his appearance was not very creditable.

Aunt Abby didn't think so when she came to the door to look for him. Both her dainty hands went up in horror as she called to Marget to remedy, and mamma to see the condition that Willie was in; "chip-dirt" in his tow head, "chip-dirt" on his clothes, "chip-dirt" in solution on his cheeks, and "chip-dirt" in its natural state every where. It was voted unsafe to allow him out of sight again, and he met with no more mishaps that day.

These are but specimens of baby trials, none the less real to him than are ours.

. . . . . Time has traveled on. Seven years have gone over our hero's head, and now he is eleven years old; taller, somewhat wiser than when we last saw him; but still discovering, day by day, that "trouble" belongs to no age or circumstance. But now a shadow is on him that seems darker than any that has come before. "The farm" is to be sold. Father has become tired of the vexations of a farmer's life, and is about to remove to the city. As Willie takes up the village paper he reads:

On the 8th of March "the Willetts Farm" to be sold, etc.

His eyes are full of tears as he catches the sentence, "Also a span of horses;" for he thinks of the noble, gentle creatures he has loved ever since he can remember; and laying down the paper, the boy walks slowly out to the stable to pat their brown heads and meet their friendly welcome once more. They greet him as they always do; but feeling just as he does now it unnerves him; and creeping up on the manger beside "Jeannie," and laying his arm on her neck he cries, with boyish sorrow, until he can cry no more.

As he raises his head at last and looks out of the wide-open barn door he sees the large buttonwood-tree, around whose foot "mother" has been so many spring times to gather the anemones and spring beauties that come there earlier than any where else; and remembering how mother has known and loved every foot of "the farm," the thought crosses him for the first time that perhaps she is suffering too in the prospect of leaving home, and with true courage he rises, brushes his brown curls back, and thinks how he will be brave for mother's sake, and how he will not let her know how sorry he is.

Ah, our Willie was a noble little fellow; and when the day came, he it was who helped her banish sad thoughts and look at all that was bright in future. There was an auction sale, "stock," "farming utensils," "household furniture," etc., all as set forth. One after another the familiar articles, that seemed to him part of himself, were carried off by stranger hands, and there only remained the animals not yet driven away by their new owners. His courage was oozing out at his eyes now, and he ran up to the south room to look from its sunny window as the meek cows were one by one driven away, and the horses were guided out of the barn-yard gate by the first stranger hand that had held rein over them for years.

But Willie was not alone. "Little mother," as he called her, was there before him; and mother and son mingled their tears. Then they were calmer, and agreed that they must not let father know how bad they felt, because he was doing all for the best, and would grieve so much to know that they were unhappy. Then in that future that seems so potent to the boy—"When I get to be a man"—Willie saw himself rich enough to buy it back again.

We pass over our hero's college days, with their special griefs and woes. Jim Wentworth won the prize which he had only missed by want of conformity to a trifling rule; his friend and class-mate turned traitor to him when he should have been most true; and other trials of the same nature came to him as they do to all; and yet the old, old story comes like new to every heart that treads the path.

Twenty-two, a profession fairly attained, a position fairly won. Now already have the baby troubles and boyish trials receded into the mere nothings of the past; and now he, too, looks at a little fat, ragged urchin passing by and says, "Happy dog! he is seeing his happiest days." But a sorrow is coming to him even now.

When he stood beside that queenly "Southern rose," as he was wont to call her, beneath the swaying acacia boughs, last night, he did not see the expression of triumph that curled her lip when he asked "if Southern roses would bloom if sheltered by a Northern hand;" nor did he read aright the hurried adieu with which she left him. To-day he will know, for there comes a tiny note, perfumed and tinted, simply "regretting his mistake," "as the Southern rose was destined for a planter's home long time since," and adding "best wishes," and such like mockery, the belle of the South flung back as manly and as true a heart as ever beat.

How well he bore that blow his mother knew; how he suffered, One alone. It was the one love of his life, and its memory lived always.

The bright future in which he had reveled was but sombre-hued now, and he turned from womankind bitterly—from all but one—his mother. The boy's devotion ripened into the man's idolatry, and the heart that must love some one turned warmly to the guiding star of his infancy. But the trail of the serpent is left even here, and disease lurks in the breast "that pillowed his baby head." With the energy that disappointed love often gives, he flung himself into business, until, at thirty, he found himself rich enough to realize the dream of his boyhood.

It was a bright, beautiful May morning when a carriage was seen nearing the front entrance to the Willetts domain; and though "Old Morris" looked up at it, they passed him without recognizing in the pale widow and the tall stranger "the missus" he had served or the "shaver" he had petted. *They* knew *him*, and when the old serving-man was made to understand it all the tears rolled down his black face faster than he could wipe them away with the faded bandana. As he removed his hat they saw that Time had touched his woolly locks too, and it made them realize how years had fled since those happy days when they were an unbroken circle. The face of the "Widow Willetts" grew more ashy still as she remembered her coming years ago a bride, or her going forth again. She rallied bravely as they alighted at the gate, and her son, with the enthusiasm of his boyhood once more upon him, led her about to see the well-loved spots, made more beautiful by time; the vines had clambered higher, the shadows from the trees were broader, and the willows by the brook almost hid its silver light. In all his life our hero had never felt the thrill of happiness that he did now as he hung over his mother's chair on the old porch they loved and remembered so well, smoothing her hair, and noting, as he did so, how the gray hairs were peeping among them, but talking, as he felt, as though earth had some quiet spots where sorrow could not enter, and this were one.

"Now, mother, I know you'll get well here; Dr. Grayson said so. Oh yes, I think you look better already."

She looked up with a grateful smile, simply saying,

"I hope so." And her dark eyes were a little dim as she raised them to his, for she knew that before the apple blossoms were turned to fruit she might be gone.

A something in the tones of her voice startled him, and as he took up the transparent hand that hung listlessly beside her he saw in its delicacy the unwelcome tokens of disease.

Ah, it is coming—poor heart! bear up bravely; it is coming. The light trials of the past vanish into nothing now as the dark cloud of foreboding stoops lower and lower.

Not the breath of those flowers that are blooming just as they did years ago around the buttonwood-tree; nor the aroma of that lilac planted by her hand; nor the warm south wind that comes over the meadows, telling of clover and lilies it has passed; and, sadder still, not the tones of love that surround her can keep her here.

Still she sits in her old arm-chair to watch the setting sun go down behind the hills she loved, and the evening star emerge from the twilight, and she knows that, when her sun of life has set, brighter in the light of eternity will her soul come forth from the mists of death. As she sits thus she invokes many a blessing, laying her hand on the head of her only son, bowed as it is with sorrow, and she feels that "He doeth all things well." A prescience comes to her that when she, the last earthly prop, is taken, he will yield the heart yet unsubdued.

And it was even so; for before the Katydid had hummed her song his mother was in heaven, and though he bowed beneath the tempest of sorrow that swept over him, it pleased God to raise him up a contrite, humbled man, and the peace that passeth understanding came into his heart. When he bid adieu to his native land the missionary went with a heart purified by trials, acknowledging humbly that God knows best, and that his troubles have worked out for him an exceeding great reward, even life eternal.

LIFE-SCENES IN THE SOUTH—ILLUSTRATIVE OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

"I GAVE UP MY BOY AS LOST—HOPELESSLY LOST."

A TRUE SNAKE STORY.

Years ago I was called in consultation to see a lad of fourteen or fifteen, a year or two after I commenced the practice of physic. He was very ill then, but God blessed the prescription and he recovered health, and has very recently moved westward. His father, an estimable old gentleman, whose friendship I shall ever value, related to me the following narrative, at the time when we were watching with anxious suspense the crisis of his beloved boy's fate. Said the old man, with a trembling lip and a moist eye: "Sir, if that boy is spared now, it will be the second time that God in his goodness has saved him from almost inevitable death. I have heard, Sir, some dreadful tales of the cobra da capello, the most deadly of all reptiles in the East; but there is none on record to match the horror, the dreadful agony which I endured when this boy was but four years old: the recollection of which still makes my heart stand still and my knees smite together again, almost as hard as they did ten years ago. Oh, Sir! others may have felt the cobra wound around their own limbs, or coiled under their heads as a pillow, or creeping with slow pace over their recumbent forms as they reclined upon their Eastern couch, but they never felt the torturing anguish of a father's heart who sees his beloved boy about to place his little foot into the wide, extended jaws of an angry rattlesnake, and yet with no power to arrest his approaching footsteps."

The good old man paused, drew forth his handkerchief to wipe the gathering sweat upon his brow, then bowed his head upon his hand and resumed in a lower tone,

"Oh, Sir! excuse a father's weakness!"

I immediately replied, "My dear Sir, I honor your *weakness!* Pray proceed. I feel deeply interested in your story;" and involuntarily I drew my chair closer to the sofa upon which he was seated. Thus urged, the old gentleman continued his narrative in the following strain:

"It was a sultry afternoon in the month of August, and the sun had nearly sunk in the western horizon. At the request of my little George, then scarcely four years old, I sallied forth to one of my fields to hunt *bullaces*—a specimen of low-bush muscadine, very common in the Southern States, at the same time not forgetting to take along with me my double-barreled gun; hoping to come across some squirrel who had been fattening upon my corn during the summer. I was walking at a slow pace along a serpentine fence, with my eyes turned occasionally upon the branches of the trees and then upon the low bushes which grew thick in the corners of the rail-fence which skirted the field. I was so intently looking for game and for fruit at the same time, that I scarcely ever turned my gaze upon the ground, nor ever dreamed that danger was lurking there. I had walked perhaps a mile thus absorbed in my double pursuit, when I accidentally, or rather *providentially*, cast my eyes upon the ground, when, to my great and sudden surprise, I beheld a large rattlesnake coiled up before me. He had been perhaps asleep, or was partially blind from the film which covers their sight at this season of the year before they have shed their old skin; and then it is said that their virus is most deadly. You know also, that when in this state, during the months of August and September, when, like the chrysalis, they are about to quit their old shell—'to cast their old slough'—they are too inert to flee away, as they usually do at other times, at the sound of approaching footsteps. At this fatal period, as if courting attack, they are either found already coiled up as if prepared for contest, or they immediately do so at the slightest intimation of approach on the part of man or beast. Then, too, the virus of the rattlesnake is said to be most deadly, often destroying its victim in a few moments; whether because being so long pent up in the little pendulous sacs attached to each fang it has lost a portion of its watery elements by absorption, or by the process of evaporation, or rather *transpiration* from the intense heat of the summer months, the poison has become converted from a sub-acid to an acid of a highly concentrated and most virulent character, I know not, nor have I had the opportunity to determine. But pardon this digression. It is enough to say, and those who have seen this venomous reptile when fully aroused, will feel something like the old awe creeping over them when I tell them that he was a huge monster, with no less than thirteen rattles, which were now ringing wildly, and with an electric effect, which ran strangely through my nervous system. His head was erect, and turned toward the direction I was coming, while his eyes burned with an intensely brilliant and almost dazzling light; and had I not been in imminent danger, I would have delighted to gaze in calm contemplation upon this most beautiful, but most deadly, of God's creatures—to look upon his eye flashing with anger, and his spotted folds quivering with wrath, while his dreaded rattles rung their fierce alarm upon the evening air, waking with confused and bewildering echoes the stillness of the neighboring forest. Indeed, Sir, none but those who have once heard the fierce alarm of this deadly serpent, when thoroughly aroused to anger, can imagine the strangely bewildering effect which it produces upon the hearer. The prolonged sounds echoing and re-echoing around you seem to proceed from no particular direction. Like the startling Indian drum, it rolls its war-notes upon the ground so that the very earth seems to vibrate and tremble beneath your feet and partake of your terror. Unlike the watchman's night-rattle, which summons the distant sentry to the scene of danger or of contest, you may listen in vain to ascertain whence issue the sounds which startle the ear or where lies the hidden foe. You seem to be surrounded by ten thousand attacking foes armed with deadly vengeance. They give you warning of their approach, it is true, but you can not perceive the coverts whence they are approaching. And of what avail is their warning? The whole atmosphere seems to be filled with confused echoes, blended and yet distinct; so that you are surrounded, enveloped by the terrifying notes of the death-dealing monster. At one moment they appear to be before and then behind you; on your right and again upon your left; and then again the poor bewildered victim starts with horror, as though he had heard the rolling of the Indian's war-drum under his very feet, or the stunning blast of Death's trumpet in his ear. It is vain to flee before you have ascertained where lurks the concealed danger. For until you have seen the basilisk eyes of the monster, and beheld his spotted folds quivering with vengeful ire, your safest expedient is to stand still; for you know not if, in moving from your tracks, you may not enter the serpent's den or tread upon him when coiled for his spring.

"If such, Sir, was the effect produced upon my auditory nerves when I could both see as well as hear this deadly serpent, what must be the confusion created in the mind of one who, surrounded by the tall grass or thick bushes, is startled for the first time by the dreaded ringing of the rattlesnake, warning him to approach no nearer, for death is in the brake and beneath the briar? To stand still is perhaps certain destruction, but to flee away is to rush into the vortex of almost inevitable death.

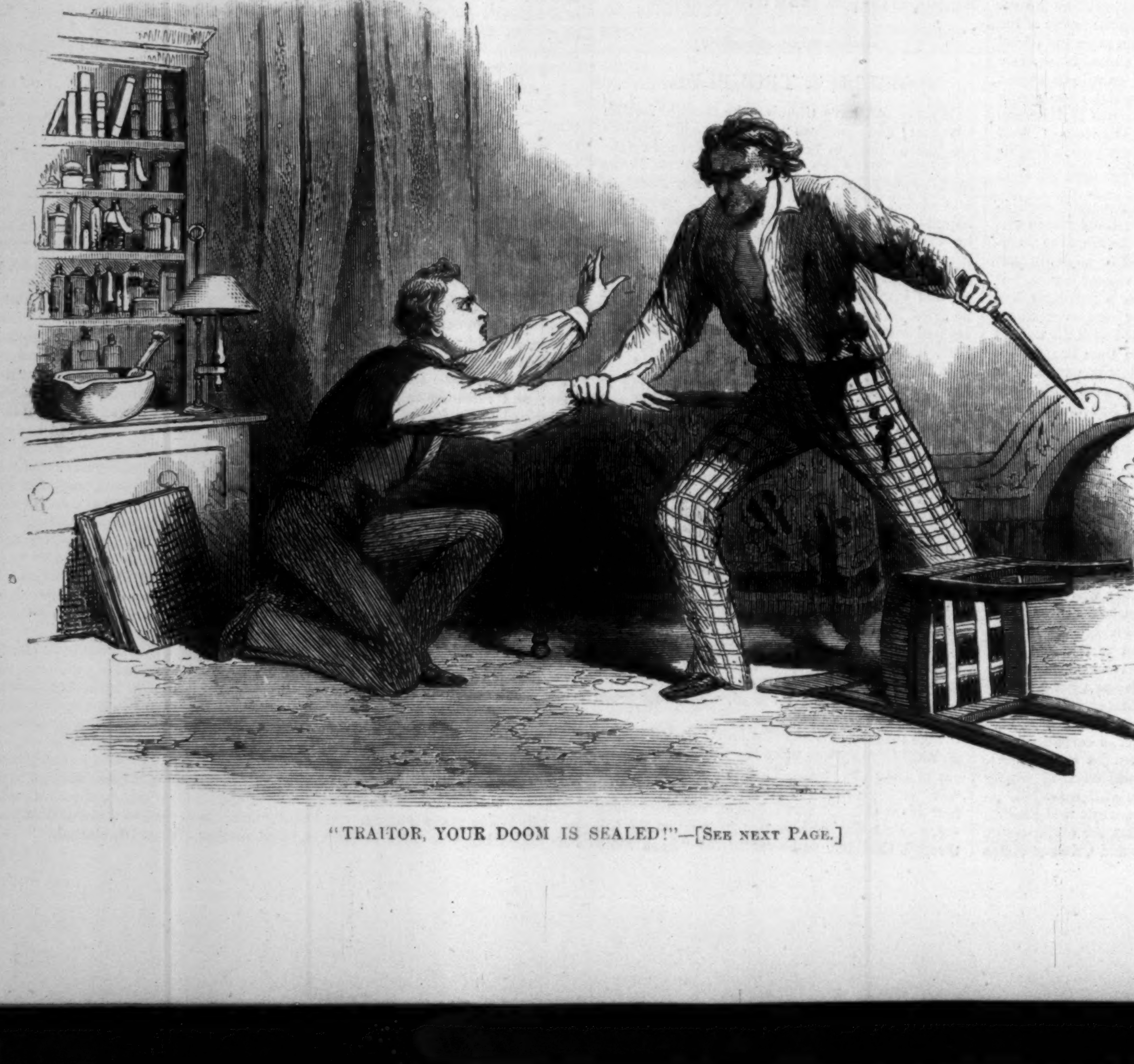
"But, Sir, I had no time then to pause for reflection. Indeed my observations were all made in a single moment—in the twinkling of an eye; for at the next step I would have trod upon his body. In fact, I had raised my right foot, and was about to make another onward step, when, looking down, and hearing his startling rattle at the same time, I beheld the terrible monster lying just in my pathway, but a single step before me. He could easily have struck me, for he was prepared for battle, and his keen, hooked fangs were even then filled to overflowing with the green and death-dealing virus. But God held him still, and restrained his spring in the same way that He shut the mouths of the lions that they hurt not his child, Daniel. Gathering up my strength, I made a leap—a sudden and a single leap, in the air. You know, Sir, that, for a man of my age, I am considered an exceedingly active man; indeed I may say, without boasting, that there are but few young men in the country who can leap higher or jump farther than I can, when, in some playful mood, I feel disposed to exhibit my natural agility. That, therefore, must have been a long and an almost supernatural leap, for it was nerved by sudden terror; the consciousness that sudden death, in its most threatening, most forbidding aspect, now stared me in the face.

"But I was safe myself. That single leap saved me; and I felt certain that there was no longer any cause for personal alarm. In a moment I turned and looked back, with the intention to stop my son George where he then was. But, oh! horror of horrors! who can imagine my anguish then! My little boy, instead of stopping in his tracks when he witnessed my sudden alarm, and utterly unconscious of the lurking danger, child-like, pressed forward to his father, with terror in his countenance, his little feet bending down lightly the luxuriant grass, and bringing him swiftly to the very jaws of the terrible monster, a victim to his blind rage, now doubly aroused because he had been foiled in his attack by my happy and providential escape.

"Now, Sir, picture to yourself the dreadful scene: My little boy is approaching the deadly reptile with fearful rapidity; indeed he is now but a single step from him—but a step between him and death. My hand is upon the trigger, it is true; but it is now too late to fire, for I know not if, in shooting the snake, I may not kill my child. Oh, who can imagine a fond father's anguish then! With the weapon in my hand I dared not use it, but stood petrified with horror. My heart stood still, as if its walls had been pressed together by the strong hand of some giant. My respiration wholly ceased; my eyes were ready to start from their sockets; while great drops of sweat, cold as death itself, started from every pore. I stood transfixed as by the look of a basilisk; petrified with horror, as those who have been turned into stone by the gaze of a Medusa; and I gave up my boy as lost—hopelessly lost.

"But, Sir, a good God was at hand; a kind Providence was nigh; and, oh, how I do thank Him for his kind and merciful direction and interference in the hour of danger!" And here the good old man bowed his head again, and a few silent tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks. But in a moment he resumed his narrative in a more cheerful—a less mournful tone.

"Well, Sir, I will conclude my story in a few words: As I stood looking in the utmost consternation, and expecting to witness at the next instant the fatal spring, my little George made the next step forward, and *trod upon the serpent's head!* His weight was sufficient to press it down to the earth. A few more steps and he was in safety by his father's side. The enraged serpent, relieved



"TRAITOR, YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!"—[See next Page.]

from the downward pressure of the little boy's foot, raised his head again, and rung his rattle loud and shrill as the death-cry of Satan's vengeance. But, blind with fury, he leaped in the wrong direction—the very direction in which he had last seen his approaching victim. But, thank God! his intended victim was safe now; and I had sufficiently recovered from my *statuesque* condition. I raised my gun, took deliberate aim, and fired. With almost savage exultation at one moment, and then with grateful praise in my heart toward a good and beneficent Deity, I beheld the now headless monster writhing in the agonies of death, and I blessed God."

When the old gentleman ended his interesting narrative I thanked him for his story, rose from my seat, and entered the sick-chamber. I placed my hand upon the wrist of the patient; his pulse was now soft, and from 140 had fallen down to 90, while his skin was moist, with a gently increasing perspiration. The touch of my finger woke him from a gentle slumber. He answered my questions rationally, but was surprised to see me there. I directed another potion to be administered; recommended him to sleep a long and refreshing sleep; closed the door, and went out with a smile upon my lips, for I *felt the smile in my heart*.

"And how is my boy, Doctor?" asked the anxious parent as soon as I entered the parlor.

"Your son, my dear Sir," I replied, "has again escaped the grim monster, Death; and if my prognosis be correct, he is, under God, as safe as when his infant's foot pressed the serpent's head upon the earth, and closed his wide-extended jaws that he could no more inflict injury upon the helpless child than could the hungry lions harm God's prophet in the lion's den."

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WITH A MANIAC.

NEARLY twenty years ago I entered the office of my old friend and relative, Dr. F——, as a student of medicine. I was but nineteen then, and ardent after truth; and burning with desire to know the mysteries of a most fascinating science, I doubtless often wearied him with innumerable questions the moment he put his foot into the office to obtain some article of medicine or mix up a prescription for his innumerable patients. But it was all in vain that I questioned him, for it was rarely the case that I or any one else could obtain a response to our inquiries. The good old Doctor seemed to dwell continually in the land of dreams—ever muttering to himself, as if talking to some invisible spirit—perhaps holding converse, as did Socrates, with his guardian angel. Be this as it may, he was a good and a noble old man; kind and charitable to the poor, and so benevolent and sympathetic that his own heart seemed to be as much pained by the sufferings of others as the objects of his pity. But he has ceased his mutterings now, and doubtless they have been turned into songs of praise; for he fell a victim to the yellow scourge of 1854, or at least from the pestilential effects of that insidious malaria which consigned so many noble spirits to the tomb. He fell not, however, until the terrible plague had nearly ceased its ravages, and the grim "conqueror who sat upon the pale horse" had nearly run his race, and his arm was wearied with wielding his blood-red sword. He was one of the "*noble thirteen*" who fell valiantly at their posts in the city of Savannah; and though possessing ample means both to retire from the scene of danger and the practice of medicine at the same time, he scorned to turn his back upon the common foe, or prove traitor to suffering humanity. Placing his family in safety, he regained his perilous position; and if, like Bonaparte at the siege and sacking of Rome, he was hurled from the scaling-ladder, like him, too, he fell gloriously, sword in hand, and with victory shouted in his ears! If Death's black flag had for a long time waved in triumph from the city walls, and if crape had covered many a mourning heart and vailed many a sad face, he had the gratification to hear the music of the trumpet-notes of victory, and knew that Death's banner now trailed in the dust!

> "His friends, who gathered round him, saw
> His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
> And the red field was won;
> Then saw, in death, his eyelids close,
> Calmly and in sweet repose,
> Like flowers at set of sun!"

But if the good old Doctor was a silent and a thoughtful man, and if he usually held converse with his own spirit, and found entertainment by whispering to himself his own thoughts, yet there were times when he was not only communicative to others, but even joyous; when a genial spirit seemed to pervade his heart and fill his soul with pleasure. He was then no longer the same being; and happy the man who could find him in such a mood, for he was sure to receive amusement or instruction. It was in such a frame of mind that, in answer to one of my inquiries, he related to me the following narrative, which, if it does not thrill my readers as it did me, will nevertheless furnish them with another remarkable illustration of God's wonderful providence extended toward his children.

"It was in the year 1819," the old Doctor began, "that I was seated, late one summer evening, in the front room of my office, at the dilapidated village of Purysburg. It was the second year of my practice, and I was then an active young man, for my arm was not then paralyzed, as you see it now, from a recent fracture, and my head was not then either bald or gray from age and anxious care and hardships—I mean exposure, night and day, to all kinds of weather. I was then, my boy, as gay, and almost as young, as you are; for I had not yet taken to myself an additional 'rib,' as God and nature have ordered all the sons of Adam to do.

"I had been thus seated for some considerable time, engaged in reading Dr. Rush's Treatise upon the Mind, and pondering upon its singular operations in insanity, when Reason has been hurled from her pedestal, whether by the ruthless or suicidal hand of man or the vengeful wrath or beneficent kindness of God; for in some cases I contend that it is through pure kindness that God afflicts men with insanity, 'for whom He loveth He chasteneth.' Thus musing, my ear caught the quick and hurried footsteps of some one approaching, and in a moment a gentleman, whom I had known for some time as a peaceable and quiet citizen, entered the office and instantly seated himself in a chair before me.

"'Doctor,' said he, in a quick, stern, and dictatorial manner, 'I wish you to bleed me, and that right soon!'

"I felt hurt at first at his abrupt way of speaking and acting; but on feeling his pulse, and looking into his bloodshot eyes, I discovered that he was laboring under the excitement of a high fever; and, excusing his lack of ordinary courtesy, I replied to him, mildly, 'Yes, Sir, I *will* bleed you; for, God knows you need it badly enough, and right speedily!'

"He smiled almost savagely at my response, but made no remark, while I hurriedly procured a bandage: and taking from my silver case a sharp lancet, I made a full and free incision in the median vein. The blood flowed freely; and after abstracting twelve or fourteen ounces, I closed the orifice, and carefully adjusting a piece of lint to the wound, I applied the figure of 8 bandage to the wounded arm, *secundum artem*, and, after some persuasion, succeeded in getting him to lie down upon my own bed. I could not persuade him to pull off his clothes, and I therefore yielded to his request 'to let him alone, as he wished to rest only a little while, and would then return to the village hotel, and put up there for the night.' But he soon sunk into a profound slumber; and as it became dark, I lighted my night-lamp and placed it upon a small table. It was not my custom before I had a family to take tea; and as I had seen all my patients during the day, there was no necessity that I should leave the sick man. I pulled off my coat, therefore, about nine o'clock, and threw myself upon a lounge in the same apartment, expecting to keep watch while he slept. But, wearied by my day's ride, I soon fell asleep. I awoke about midnight, and finding that my patient still slept soundly, and even snored loudly, I turned over on my other side, with my face to the wall, and concluded to enjoy the refreshing influences of another nap. I had just done so when the deep and heavy breathing ceased, and after a few minutes of attentive listening I rose up and looked toward the bed. There was no longer any person lying upon it. My patient had silently decamped! Wondering at his sudden and noiseless disappearance, I heard a slight noise in the other room. In a quick, excited way I cried out, 'What are you doing there?'

"There was no response to my inquiry at the time, but in a moment he re-entered my sleeping apartment, with a sharp surgical knife in his hand, which he had procured from my amputating-case, lying upon a shelf in the ante-room. It was a sharp-pointed, double-edged Catlin knife, and as keen as a razor—a most deadly weapon in the hands of a determined man! I saw now, for the first time, that I had to deal with a maniac!—a man, too, of large frame and powerful muscles! I could not cope with him in physical strength, and he was, besides, armed with a most deadly weapon. His eyes were wild and protruding; while his shirt was red as scarlet, for his arm had commenced to bleed afresh. His whole appearance was savage and terrific; and he reminded me of those miserable assassins, the 'buveurs du sang,' who had figured in the French Revolution of 1791–1794. A chill of horror crept over me, as I saw there was no earthly chance to escape; for he had carefully locked the door and placed the key in his pocket—I presume, to prevent any assistance from without. When I saw that there was no hope of escape, and no help from any human arm, and that resistance would not only be useless but worse than madness—when I reflected that I must die *alone*, butchered like a dog by the hands of a maniac—oh! then I almost went mad myself! My brain reeled, I closed my eyes and staggered back a few paces; for in imagination I felt the knife drawn across my throat and driven through my palpitating heart. But recovering myself in a few moments, I asked, in as composed a voice as I could well assume, 'What do you intend to do with that knife?'

"His reply was, 'To kill you, Sir!' And the madman hissed between his clenched teeth, 'To kill, kill, kill!'

"'Why?' I asked. 'What evil have I ever done you?'

"'Done me!' he replied, with a sneer; 'done me! Have you not plotted my destruction? Do I not know that you are a vile conspirator? Ay!' And as his eye caught sight, for the first time, of his blood-stained linen he fairly shouted, with terrible emphasis, 'Are you not a cowardly assassin? Look at my blood, which, like a vampire, you have been stealing from my heart while I slept in imagined security upon your bed! Traitor, your doom is sealed!'

"I assured him that I had done him no evil, and attempted to explain the circumstances of his case. But in vain did I attempt to recall to his recollection any of the occurrences of the day before; and when I solemnly assured him that I had slept also while he slept, and that some secret enemy of his must have shed his blood during my slumber—which I deeply regretted on his account, as I would have defended his life at the sacrifice of my own—

"'Liar!' he shrieked. 'Will you add falsehood to your crime? Will you stain your soul with perjury when it is about to be ushered into the presence of its Maker? Down upon your knees, and ask God for mercy and forgiveness, lest it be speedily sent to the bar of a just retribution unshrived and unannealed!' And he brandished his weapon fiercely as he approached nearer—so near that he could easily have plunged it into my heart. I stood still and closed my eyes; my heart seemed frozen or turned into stone for a few moments; then it slowly again, and even regularly, resumed its beatings; they were not the throbbings of hope or of faith in God—they were rather the low wailing, the sullen surgings of despair—and I felt all the briny billows of death rolling over my soul! As 'the lamb led to the slaughter is dumb and openeth not his mouth,' so also I felt resigned to my fate, and was even anxious that Death's dark curtain should fall at once, and thus end in blood the grim tragedy!

"My passive and resigned condition, or supposed obstinacy, seemed to provoke rather than increase the rage of the maniac, and, with an expression of painful solicitude in his countenance, he seized me by the shirt-collar, exclaiming, 'Doctor, I can not kill you until you have prayed! Down upon your knees, quick! for woe is me if I make not this sacrifice.' I attempted to reply, but my voice was sepulchral; for I felt condemned in my own sinful soul that up to that time I had never sincerely prayed, and I knew not pardon through the blood of Christ. I said to him, therefore, and my own voice startled me when I uttered the words, 'I know not how to pray!'

"'But, Doctor!' said the maniac, 'you must and shall pray!' and by main strength he forced me upon my knees. Yes! those iron knees which had been locked as by bars of steel that they could not bow to a good and merciful God, were bent by the strong hand of the maniac; and when they touched the floor the lever of pride snapped at its axis, and my heart bowed in sorrow and humility! Then it was that a cry, wild and full of agony, rushed from my soul, as the ghost of my former self, and with painful sobs I uttered the heart-felt prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

"The maniac seemed greatly surprised, and a look of sympathy stole over his countenance. 'Doctor,' said he, in a melancholy tone, 'I am sorry for you. I would have killed you before in anger, but now it pains me deeply that I am compelled to do so as a matter of duty. As it pained the heart of Abraham to slay his own son, so also do I feel the deepest sorrow for you; but I must obey God rather than man, and unless the Almighty shall prepare a scape-goat, "a ram caught in the thicket," you must submit, like Isaac, with stern submission to your destiny!'

"He ceased speaking, and looked down upon me with a sorrowful expression, and then added, with a smile, 'But, Doctor, before I do you any hurt, I wish you to do me a favor. My arm has been bleeding freely, and I wish you to readjust the bandages. I believe you bled me yesterday, did you not? Come then, quick! for I feel like fainting;' and the maniac staggered backward and fell upon the lounge in a swoon. I sprang to my feet in a moment, secured the knife, and readjusted the bandage. I threw water into his face, and applied hartshorn to his nostrils, and poured a little down his throat; but it was a long, long time before he recovered from that death-like swoon. At one time I thought he would never wake again. But at length he opened his eyes, and looking round, seemed amazed that he was there; he evidently remembered nothing of the past scene in which he had been so fearful an actor. 'What has happened, Doctor?' he asked, in alarm.

"'Nothing serious, my dear Sir. Pray be composed. You have been very sick lately. And, by-the-by, Sir, my office-key has slipped into your pocket. Excuse me the liberty of taking it out, and thus save you all unnecessary exertion.'

"'Certainly, my dear Doctor,' he replied. 'I feel very grateful to you for your kindness toward me in my illness: for I must have been very ill.'

"I took the key, and, passing on to the door, unlocked it; then blowing my little silver whistle for my office boy, I went to my writing-desk and wrote a note to Mr. ——, begging his immediate attendance as a nurse. The boy soon appeared, and the note was placed in his hands. In ten minutes Mr. —— appeared, accompanied by another gentleman. In a few words I explained to them all the horrible circumstances which had transpired, and promising to return in a minute or two, I left them in the room with the helpless maniac. I went out into the garden, and falling down upon my knees, now bent by the holy spirit of God and not by the strong hand of the madman, I poured out my heart in thankfulness to Him whose providence had been so signally manifested to me that dreadful night, and then and there I pledged myself to his service, and, God helping me, I hope to prove faithful to my vows even unto death."

"And did the poor maniac recover his reason?" I asked.

"Alas! no. The poor fellow died a few years afterward in the Asylum at Columbia. Requiescat in pace."

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WHY DOES OUR SOIL PRODUCE LESS WHEAT PER ACRE THAN THE SOIL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND?

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

AN Irish farmer writes us: "Many thanks for your favor of *Harper's Weekly* of the 5th instant. Such a journal must enjoy an extensive popularity in your community. To me the article on wheat is particularly interesting. The writer understands the subject, and his remark that 'In the moist climate of Ireland wheat will contain more water than that grown in the clear and drier atmosphere of America,' contains a truth fully borne out by the effect but too frequently produced by those sudden and violent meteorological changes to which our climate is subject in the blossoming season, from the latter end of June to the latter end of July. With us the preparation of the green crop of one year is the great basis for the wheat crop of the next. But here we are dealing with soils which, with few exceptions of rest, have been many centuries under cultivation, and our usual mode of treatment must necessarily differ from that which may answer very well for newer soils, such as many of those in America. When visiting the United States, where I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, I was forcibly struck with the scantiness of some crops, and the great carelessness of farmers in the preparation of soils, especially for cereals. One farmer in the western part of your State informed me that he had 250 acres under cultivation; but his horses, oxen, manures, and help could, as I thought, be much more profitably used on 50 acres. Extending the area of cultivation, with little attention to the improvement of its character, appeared to me to be leading considerations on your side of the Atlantic. You must not suppose that I mention this for the purpose of drawing any unfavorable contrasts, but simply as an impression which may be erroneous or otherwise. In October, 1856, I plowed a stubble field of six acres with the view to its preparation for a green crop (potatoes), to be succeeded, according to my usual practice, by wheat. The first plowing was very rough, so as to expose as much of the soil as possible to the action of winter. In March I gave it a sharp cross-plowing, a thorough pulverization by repeated harrowings, and a careful removal of the roots of weeds, conch grass, etc., all of which I caused to be burned and the ashes spread over the surface. Thus prepared, I opened my drills 24 inches from centre to centre, and of a depth sufficient for a heavy body of manure. The latter was of a very powerful kind, composted with care from the usual accumulation of the farm-yard, a slight mixture of limestone gravel, and a heavy proportion, say 70 per cent., of peat soil, previously warmed with a sprinkling of lime. Of this preparation I applied about 130 cubic yards, or about 300 ordinary cart-loads, to the acre. I need not now give you the result, as we are only considering this treatment in its connection with the crop to succeed the present one. The potato crop was all dug with the spade, a process by which the soil receives such a tilth, cleansing, and pulverization as in the opinion even of our most 'revolutionizing' farmers more than compensates for the extra cost of manual labor over that of many of your so-called 'labor-saving machines.' Early in November, having first cleansed the surface from stalks (weeds there were none), I sowed down my field with white Kent (white hull and red grain) in ridges three and a half feet wide, well raised in the centre, and sloping sharply to the furrow, thus materially increasing my surface area, and also securing a certain escape for superfluous water, and a means of exit for the thawings of winter, both so detrimental to the crop, especially in the earlier stages of its growth. The result, net weight, on the day of sale, was 61 barrels, 12 stones, and 7 pounds, each stone being 14 lbs., and each barrel 20 stones. Another mode of preparation for the wheat crop, but one which should never be resorted to when the one just described can be properly carried into effect, is that of fallowing; and on this branch of the subject I shall be happy to forward you my views by a friend just preparing to go to New York by the steamer *Prince Albert*."

We have not space to comment in detail; but do our farmers in general give the soil as good a preparation for wheat as our neighbors? Precisely the same modes of cultivation will not do in both countries, but a good system of husbandry is applicable all over the world. When we hear from our correspondent on the subject of fallowing we will give our readers the benefit. A soil being fallowed has time for the liberation of food in it by the combined influences of sun, air, and moisture. When a crop is grown and turned under, the substances which made it, taken from the soil and air, are in an advanced condition for the future use of other crops. Mechanical cultivation improves fallows, by causing great division and exposure. A rotation of crops is based on the principle of some taking from the soil different proportions of elements, and the adaptability of a crop to take the place of a preceding one.

In Ireland, in 1849, there were 687,646 acres of wheat, yielding 2,148,893 quarters; in 1852, there were only 353,566 acres, yielding 1,154,205 quarters.

A calculation of the above figures, giving the average yield per acre, will show that the wheat crop of Ireland is nearly twice as large on the same area as that of the State of New York. This may be considered too *figure*-ative a statement; but there has been so much fault-finding with Irish cultivation that we can not forbear giving the above, even to the detriment of Byron's compliment, when he said,

> "The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice."

The Committee of the Chicago Board of Trade established certain grades of wheat, as follows:

No. 1........White.	No. 1........Spring.
No. 1........Red.	No. 2........Spring.

If a system of grades is *fairly and thoroughly* carried out by *competent inspectors*, it will do much to increase the average value of different kinds, inasmuch as the brands would become a guarantee of quality. The reputation for Chicago wheat in European and other markets could not fail to enhance its average value. Wheat and flour must stand or fall on their own merits; hence it can not be detrimental to farmers who have wheat of inferior quality for sale, for it could not long hold a favorable reputation sold under a false representation. It will not do hereafter to send wheat to Chicago mixed with rye, barley, oats, winter wheat, chess, seeds of weeds, and other refuse, which has often been done. This will cause farmers to grow wheat with greater care.

Great Britain imported of wheat and its equivalent in flour—

	Bushels of Wheat.
1853	84,000,000
1854	63,000,000
1855	50,227,608

We have thus the means of approximating her value as a market to us for the staff of life.

Brazil and the West Indies are good customers to us for our flour.

The wheat crop, in all badly farmed districts, is the cause of much loss from the attacks of insects, diseases, and other casualties.

Again it will be asked, why do we not grow as much wheat per acre as other people? Most of the facts in relation to this subject have been considered in the first article on wheat and the one which is now offered to the public. Brief reference to the headings may be acceptable. We do not pay proper attention to the preparation of the soil, including manures and manipulation, the choice of the best varieties, influence of climate, selection and preparation of seed, changing of seed, quantity of seed per acre, mode of sowing on the best soils—"Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—fall and spring culture, habits of insects, time of cutting, seasoning, etc.

But, even after all these things, before our granaries are overflowing with the fruits of a golden harvest we must abide our time. In the words of the bard of Avon, "He that will have a cake out of the wheat must *tarry* the grinding."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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S. J. P. ANDERSON,
Pastor of the Central Church.
St. Louis, Feb. 21, 1859.

I heartily unite in the above commendation.
M. SCHUYLER,
Rector of Christ Church, St. Louis.

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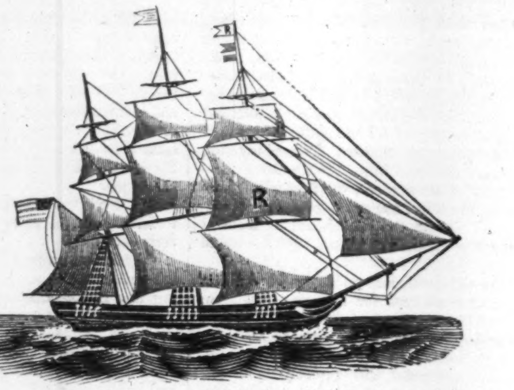

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